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THE SPHERE

Vol. CXLIII No. 1866 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — OCT. 26 1935

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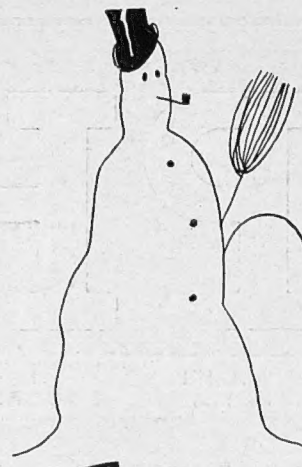

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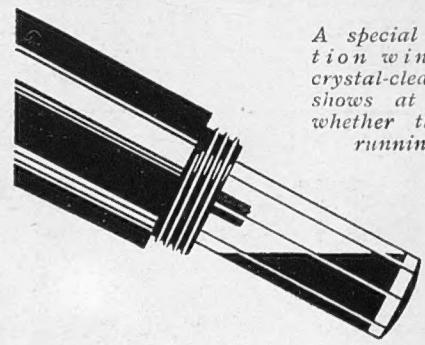

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THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, October 26, 1935

The Foreign Policy Debate

The Prime Minister and His Parliamentary Private Secretary, Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd, on Their Way to the House of Commons to Hear Sir Samuel Hoare's Momentous Speech

Parliament reassembled last Tuesday for its final session before the General Election, and, needless to say, domestic issues were thrust far into the background by the gravity of the international situation. In a House crowded to capacity and in the presence of many distinguished members of the Diplomatic Corps, Sir Samuel Hoare, as the spokesman of the Government, gave a lengthy and clearly worded review of Britain's policy in relation to the Italo-Ethiopian conflict, making it absolutely plain that this country was not prepared to support the enforcement of military sanctions against Italy unless action was collective and *all* League members took their full share of responsibility. Sir Samuel also made a particularly striking reference to the unanimity at present existing in the British Commonwealth of Nations. "Amidst all these baffling and dispiriting conditions," he said, "the greatest source of comfort and encouragement to those of us who have been faced with them has been the unbroken solidarity of the Empire. In one of the most critical situations that have faced us in this generation, the representatives of the Dominions, acting as co-equals, forming their own opinions for themselves, considering for themselves their own interests and their own obligations, have, it may be along different lines, reached the same conclusion that we have reached, and have once again shown to the world that in dark moments of trial we and they have the same outlook upon the great principles of international conduct"

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d. Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

IN REMEMBRANCE: The gathering at the Royal Artillery Memorial at Hyde Park Corner last Sunday when Old Comrades attended a memorial service there

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, October 23, 1935.

THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH.

—The Duke of Buccleuch's death in a sense plunges the nation in mourning. The King instantly cancelled the public celebrations of Lady Alice's marriage. The seventh Duke of Buccleuch and the ninth of Queensberry was not born an eldest son. His elder brother died tragically as the result of an accident when stalking in '86, and that event ended his own career in the Navy. As a midshipman he was the companion of the King in the *Bacchante* voyages round the world, the corvette being commanded by his uncle, Lord Charles Scott. After his brother's death he went up to Oxford and into Parliament, and as Lord Dalkeith and after succession to the Dukedoms, performed any amount of public work, and work and benefactions connected with his vast estates in South Scotland and the Midlands. He was the holder of innumerable titles. From Elizabeth Duchess of Buccleuch, the family acquired the wonderful treasures of George, last Duke of Montagu, with the Boughton estates. The heiress Countess of Buccleuch, who married Monmouth, brought them a wealth of treasures connected with Charles II's eldest and ill-fated son. The Queensberry dukedom, inherited by the third Duke of Buccleuch, contributed many of "old Q's" treasures.

SAFETY FIRST: Brigadier J. H. T. Priestman, who was in command of the British troops in the Saar during the plebiscite period, and who has now been appointed to take charge of the brigade of infantry drafted to Egypt to strengthen the garrison. This precautionary measure has been resorted to on account of the substantial increase in the Italian military forces made recently in neighbouring Libya

FOUR PALACES.

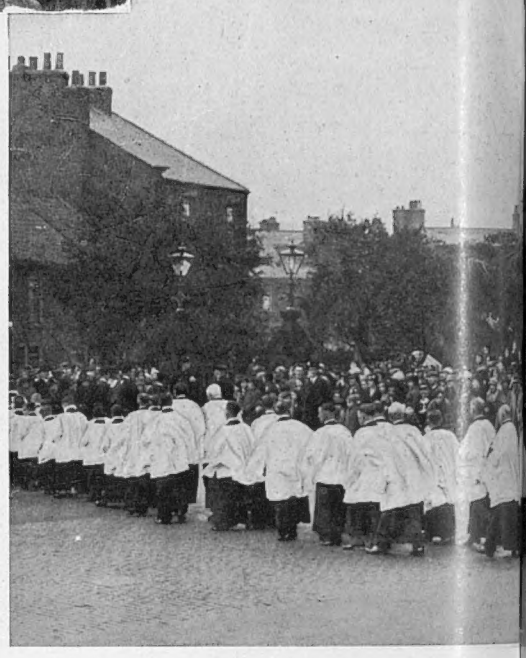
—The family house, No. 2 Grosvenor Place, is crammed with fine pictures and furniture, some brought from Dalkeith Palace, and with the Monmouth relics. The late Duke dismantled Dalkeith and handed over the Chapel to the Bishops of Edinburgh. He presented Melrose Abbey to the nation. He kept up and lived regularly at set periods in Bowhill, Drumlanrig, Boughton, and Grosvenor Place, and lived at Langholm during the grouse season. His heir, Lord Dalkeith, lived at the small but enchanting Eildon Hall. The late Duke, his son and his brothers have worked immensely hard in the interests of the Border country to which they have belonged since the days of Alexander III of Scotland. In Edinburgh, Roxburghshire, and Selkirkshire, they have been deservedly popular and highly esteemed and are associated with most of the local institutions, business, sporting, and charitable. Two of the Duke's brothers went farther afield; Lord Francis is a power in Kenya, Lord Herbert has made a place for himself in British industry. Like all sailors, the Duke was utterly devoid of side or class-consciousness. He loved to talk and took his audience for granted, and put a stranger at his ease at once by the naturalness and simplicity of his manner. He was sound, shrewd, and very hard-working, and was keen on archæology and history and knew a good deal about his family works of art. He held the practically hereditary post of Governor of the Bank of Scotland and was recognised as a sound business man. His heir has for his age great experience and a fine record of public work.

PARLIAMENT AND THE ELECTION.

—Parliament has reassembled to wind up its affairs and to proclaim its dissolution after a life of nearly five years of chequered and tremendous history. For nearly five years National Government has stood between us and disaster and has raised us to a position of envied supremacy among the nations of the world. The claim is not fantastic. None but this National Government can fairly wear the laurel wreath. Vitally we need another five years of settled government under the same non-party banner, and assuredly we shall obtain it on November 14. The dissolution will take place on October 25. Allowing the necessary eight days for nomination of candidates, November 4 will be nomination day and ten days later (November 14) will be polling day. A short, sharp campaign, to disturb trade as little as may be. The Government has already prepared its election manifesto and its campaign of major speech-making has begun. The outstanding legislative business will be largely scrapped in order to make possible the prorogation and the earlier date of polling. The great three days' debate on foreign affairs now winds up the business of an historic parliament. The new Government must cope with the loose ends of the old.

THE GENERAL ELECTION.

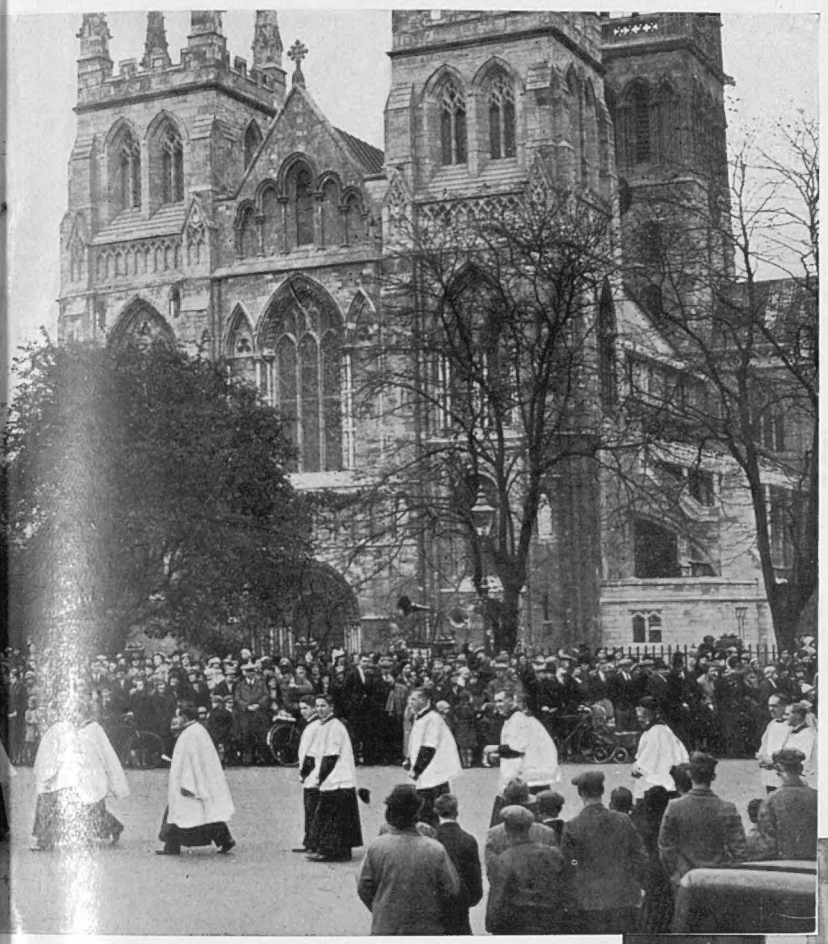
—No one enjoys General Elections except aspiring politicians who nurse seats and, belonging to an opposition party, rely on a swing of the pendulum. Certainly I don't like General Elections, least of all when I have a new book just out and do not want the public mind diverted by politics from the feast in store for them. But it had to come, now or in the spring, and there is every justification for the business being settled in the third week in November. We shall feel happier when we know where we stand again, and the shake-out may not be unhealthy. The Socialists have "protested too much" against the decision to hold it now. No Cabinet ever in power in England was less anxious to force a "khaki" or "jingo" election on us. It has fought against rearmament until it dared fight no more, and, hateful as the expense and the policy of rearmament are, its determination to bring us back to the bare minimum of military and naval and air safety has general support. Nor is the Government "dicky." It is stronger and receives wider support than it did a year ago. Neither does it seek a mandate. What it is doing at Geneva and, broadly, at home, has been endorsed and even praised by the official Opposition as well as by its suppporters. Mr. Baldwin's decision was based on sound and logical premises. The world issues have suddenly changed again. New problems face Europe, with the rather unexpected "survival" of the League. Resolute sanctions imply the creation of new and untried machinery. Their implications cannot be foreseen, but will obviously react on world trade and on our own economic condition. One need not stress the possibility of sanctions by way of force. Bold decisions must be taken before next Spring. It would be disastrous if, in the middle of the storm, we were compelled to swop helmsmen. Whether the League come safe through or no, the decisions of the British Government in the next six months must be grave and tremendous. To that extent, Mr. Baldwin needs a "mandate"; in all ways he needs security of tenure and the knowledge that the nation is prepared for another term to leave its destinies in his hands. New domestic problems abound, new policies at home are already roughed out. Our reviving industries need stable government (and experienced ministers) in Britain no less than does Europe. Now is the time for that unwelcome General Election.



OUT OF EVIL—GOOD?

—Some of the views of the watching nations expressed last week apropos the crisis were interesting to consider and not devoid of sunlight. Thus Germany, in the *Koelnische Zeitung*, saw, as a direct result of the Abyssinian war, an event which would transcend it in importance—an entente between Britain and America; far closer, more practical and more constructively co-operative than those of 1914–16 and 1919–23. In a word, that union between the English-speaking nations of which many of us have dreamed and for which we have sighed. That German paper saw in

America's pronouncement on sanctions and Mr. Eden's, something more than coincidence and not much less than pre-agreement. German and American papers saw in the appointment of Marshal Badoglio to a mission to the Italian Front signs that Italy realized at last the magnitude of the task of conquering Abyssinia, and suspected that already she would be glad to negotiate an honourable settlement and rest on her comparatively easy and inconsiderable laurels. In a word that the war might peter out pretty soon from military difficulties rather than from the screw of applied sanctions. Maybe, maybe not. And finally Mr. W. R. Hearst himself, in his multiple press, announced that he expected one morning fairly soon to wake up and discover that "England possesses one half of Abyssinia and Italy the other—the worse half." Whether he made that prophecy in order to assist in the great ideal of Anglo-American understanding, I do not profess to know. But he also suggested that the Abyssinian tragedy might not be of long duration. Our hopes wax and wane daily.



RESTORED TO ITS PRISTINE GLORY: The procession of clergy and members of the choir on the way to the west door of Selby Abbey, Yorkshire, where the Archbishop of York conducted a dedication service last week on the completion of the last phase of the work of rebuilding and reparation. The church, which was founded in the twelfth century by the Benedictines, exhibits every architectural style from Norman to Perpendicular, and in its long history has known many vicissitudes. In 1690 the central tower collapsed and damaged one of the transepts, and in 1906 there was a disastrous fire

M. LAVAL HAS A TRY.—

The next straw in the wind blew past within a few hours more. M. Laval, it was confidently rumoured, was trying his hand in direct communication with the Duce, to exploit Italy's new doubts as to the military issue, by negotiating a basis for ending hostilities—on terms of course more favourable to Italy than to Abyssinia and highly embarrassing to the League. The negotiation was not denied; the "direct negotiation with the Duce" was authoritatively denied. The rough proposals envisaged the halting of Italian troops on the line reached on October 15. The cession as an independent principality of the province of Tigré now largely occupied by Italy's forces. The cession to Italy of the kingdom of Harar and the province of Ogaden. And the granting to Abyssinia "in compensation" of an outlet to the sea by a corridor to Zeila in British Somaliland. Italy, however, could find no present basis for negotiation while Britain kept the Mediterranean seas on a "war basis." Britain could hardly be expected to view with approval M. Laval's personal activity and the fruits of it. Firstly, he suggested by his actions that France might be blowing hot and cold over her military responsibilities under the Covenant in the event of an attack by "the aggressor" on a signatory Power. One more questionnaire to France secured one more apparently unequivocal assurance on that score from M. Laval. Secondly, Britain can only stand by the League and by League machinery and cannot allow herself to be drawn in with France to a negotiation for peace outside the League. Sir Austen Chamberlain, whom France has good reason to regard as her friend, was the chosen instrument to voice Britain's attitude, and he spoke far more frankly and bluntly than ever he did to France when he was Foreign Secretary. He stressed France's increasing ambiguity concerning her pledge to adhere to the League Covenant and machinery. The great issue to-day is not the ending of the Abyssinian war but the survival and re-establishment of the League as the safeguard of civilisation. For that reason, vital as is the cessation of hostilities, and though direct negotiation between Laval and Italy may be the smoothest method of approach in view of Italy's unjustifiable hostility towards Britain, no plan, however hopeful, can be acceptable to Britain unless it is negotiated through the League and maintains the League's principle that Abyssinia must not be sacrificed to Italy's aspirations. M. Laval is doubtless working sincerely for peace, but his methods foreshadow further possible embarrassments for the great Powers.

THE OLYMPIANS.—

The Prince of Wales got down again to business with a function of first-rate importance to British industry. On Thursday last he opened the twenty-ninth International Motor Show at Olympia. If ever an international show was a triumph for the genius of one country, this twenty-ninth annual display at Olympia is so. Britain sweeps the board in numbers and surely in merit. Of the fifty-four makers represented, thirty are British, in a larger than usual foreign entry. The exhibits are dazzling, and a first survey is naturally confusing and incomplete. I should say that my first conclusion is that improvements this year are far more constructive and important than fussy and flat-catching. The chief change in tendency is towards higher horse-power. Indeed, the average horse-power is raised by 25 per cent. I know nothing more calculated to reduce road danger than this increase in horse-power and in reserves of speed on acceleration. Another welcome change is towards a return to roominess. Streamlining (which has not this year been carried to excess) tended to reduce height, width, and generally space inside, with regrettable results for those who like to travel with their luggage nicely stowed away within. Touring models are roomier once more, and I rejoice at it. Independent springing was bound to come. Those who have favoured (*e.g.*) the Vauxhall model would never go back to the old-fashioned springing. Anti-draught measures are everywhere in evidence, and comfort in seating has been studied and put into execution. Everywhere the eye is delighted with grace and beauty, the imagination is tickled with constant instances of forethought and ingenuity, and the appropriate portions of one's anatomy are lapped in comfort which compares favourably with that of a 25-guinea armchair. It is an entrancing show, a British triumph and, I think, a serious effort to assist Mr. Belisha in his great task.

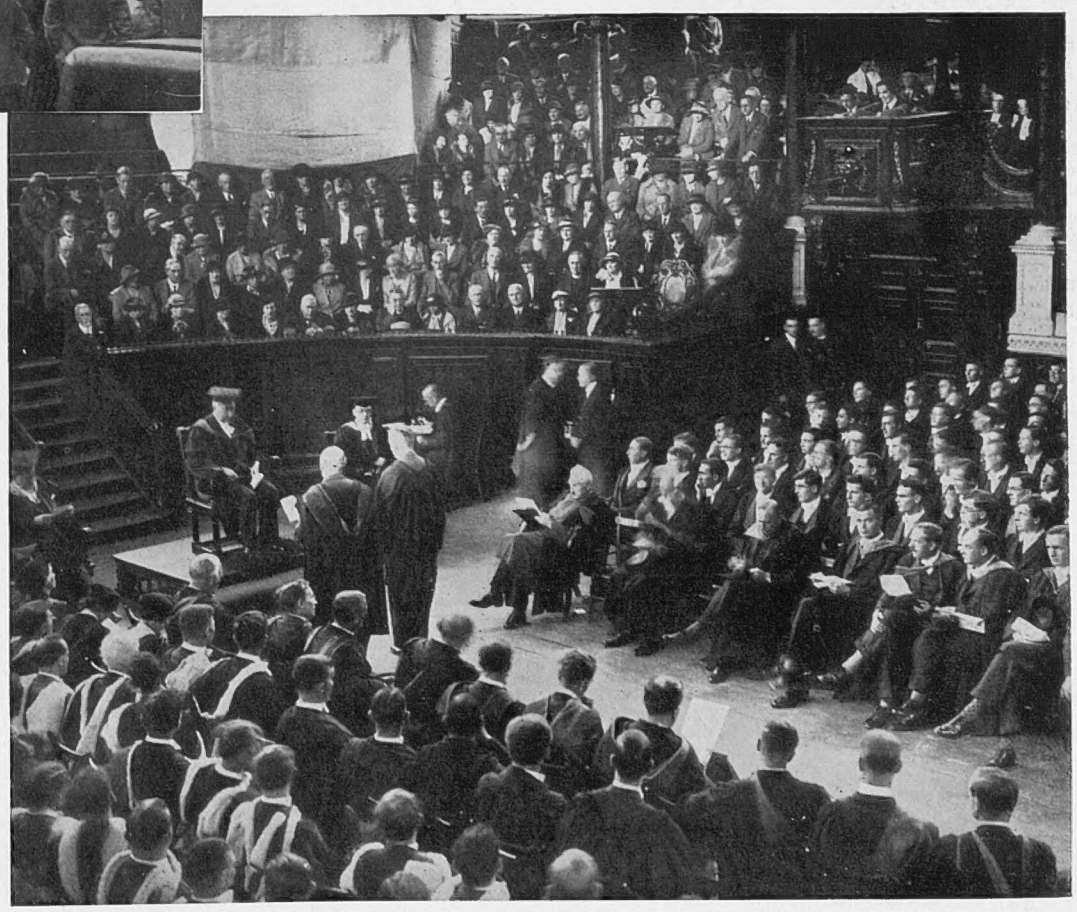
TRAFALGAR DAY.—

Trafalgar Day is always an important anniversary, and perhaps it was never more so than in 1935. So think our Navy League and other institutions charged with the duty of keeping alive our memory of great traditions as a sea power, and of the vital importance of maintaining that sea power if our Empire is to survive. To me this year Trafalgar Day has a particular significance. It coincides with the publication of a new book, *Nelson's Hardy and His Wife*, which John Murray has just put forth, which gave me peculiar pleasure and interest to write. A mass of documents, never before published or indeed known to exist, came into my hands including the voluminous diaries of Hardy's wife and many memoranda in Hardy's handwriting. These documents reveal in considerable detail Hardy's own estimate of Nelson's character and much which is of interest concerning Hardy himself—Nelson's most trusted sea captain—and of the lives and habits of Navy men of that great day. Writing the book and reading these faded documents revived my interest and pride in the great sea captains and stout seamen of Trafalgar days. It sent me again to the *Victory*, and as I wandered, deeply absorbed, over the old ship, from Nelson's and Hardy's spacious quarters to the confined and dark corners where the junior officers, the doctor and the seamen carried out their duties, my sense of pride and wonder at their stoutness and steadfastness increased until, in the black darkness of the cockpit, where Nelson died, my admiration for all they suffered and all they achieved reached its height. Their tradition has been in safe hands. The spirit is still alive and still willing. Zeebrugge and the Narrows are freshly remembered. When people cry out against armaments and expenditure on armaments we remember, at least for this week, what the navy has achieved and what it is still expected to achieve. But even British sailormen cannot make bricks without straw.

DEATH'S TRAGIC HARVEST.—

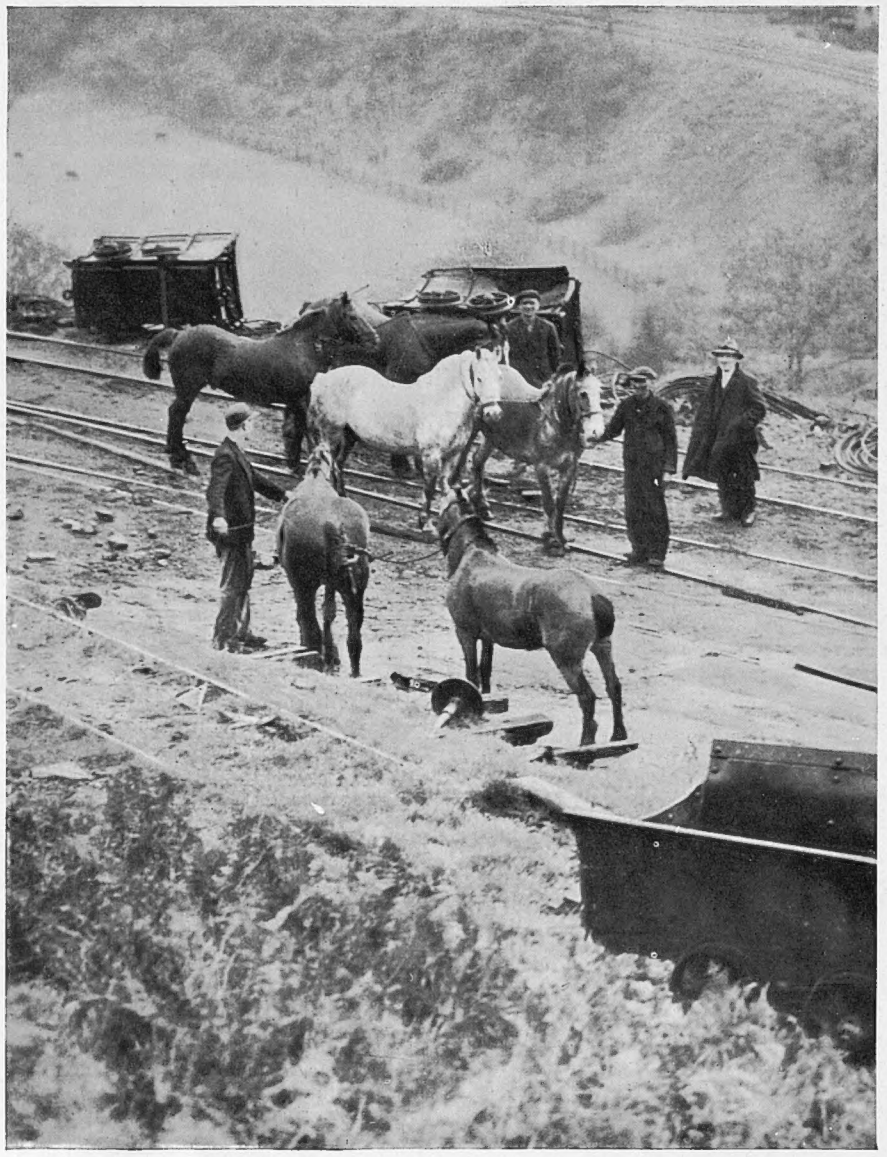
Death has been busy indeed this past week among men of light and leading. Lord Carson died as he lived, fighting. I had a note on his brave career a few weeks back after his illness. Of the Duke of Buccleuch I have written something above. Of Lord Sysonby I shall say something next week. Of Mr. Henderson who died on Monday, aged seventy-two, much has been said already. He was by trade an ironmoulder, by birth a Glasgow man; he spent his first twenty active years in Newcastle, which he contested in the Labour and Trades Union interest in 1895. He won Barnard Castle at last in 1903, being then high in the councils of the Trade Union movement. He became Home Secretary in the first Labour Government of 1924 and began his chief political labours in the field of foreign politics when he went with Mr. MacDonald to the League Assembly that year. The Foreign Secretaryship fell to him in the second Labour Administration. For the rest of his life he devoted himself single-mindedly to the cause of disarmament.

THE OLD STAGER



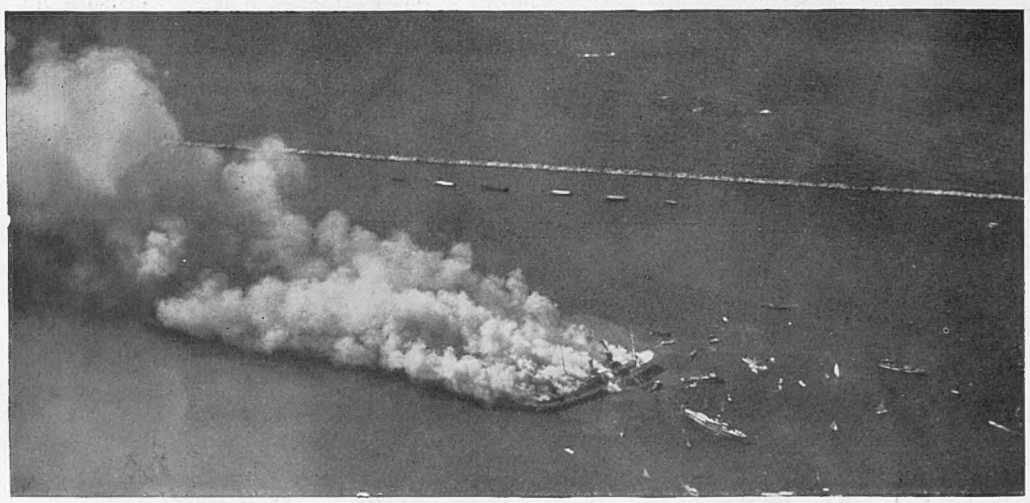
HIS FIRST PUBLIC DUTY: The scene in the Sheldonian Theatre as Mr. A. Lindsay, the new Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, conferred degrees on undergraduates. A few days later the Vice-Chancellor was in the news again when he called upon all professors and lecturers to send in a list at the beginning of each term of those persons who are not members of the University or registered diploma students but whom they propose to admit to their lectures. It appears that there are now large numbers of these "gate-crashers of learning"

SEVEN DAYS



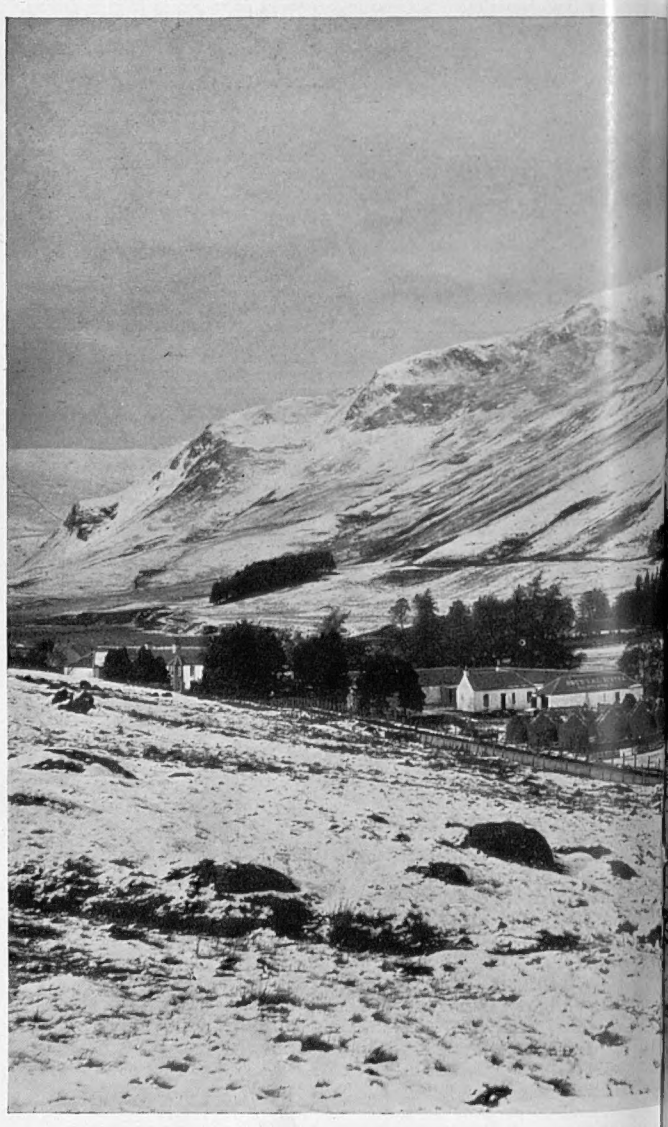
"IT'S AN ILL-WIND . . .": Pit ponies which were brought to the surface during the "stay-in strike" in the South Wales coalfield, and were sent to graze on the hill pastures near the mines. During the great 1926 strike the same procedure was followed, and hundreds of Monmouthshire and Glamorganshire farmers are said to have reaped a rich harvest from the owners by caring for the colliery horses while the dispute lasted

THE RELIEF DEPOT: Children handing over parcels of food which were afterwards sent down to the miners who had refused to leave the workings at Nine Mile Point colliery, as a protest against the employment of non-federation labour by the owners. At one period over 20,000 men were involved in the strike, but at the beginning of this week the situation was well in hand



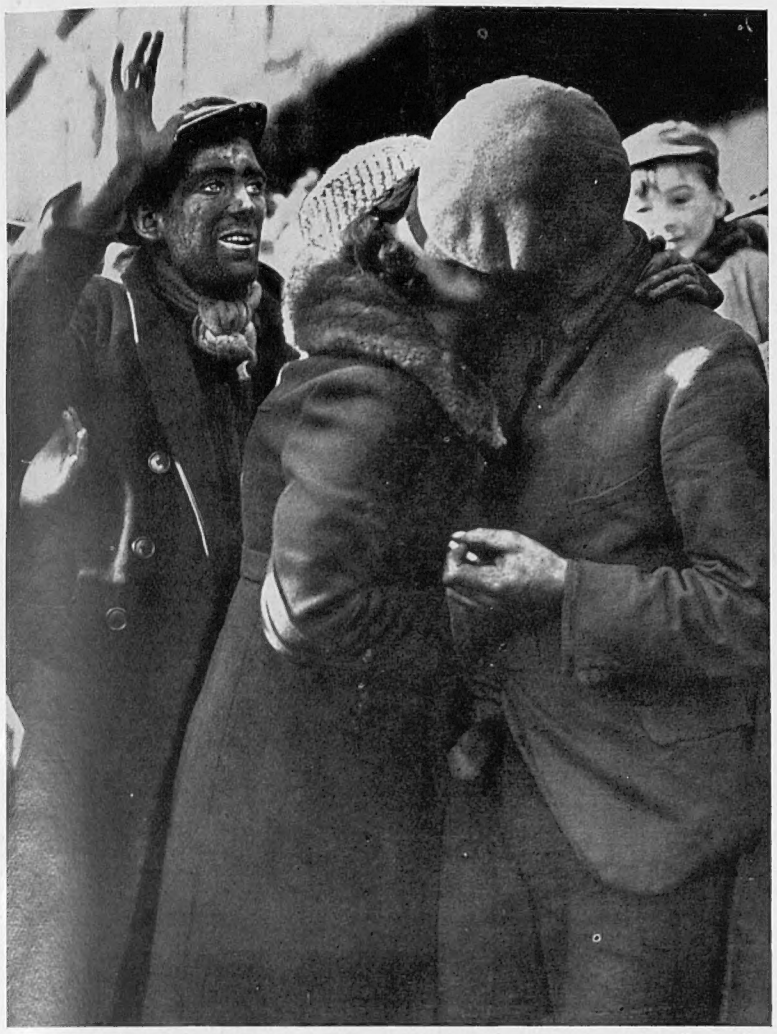
THE "AUSONIA" DISASTER: A remarkable picture sent to *The Sphere* by a correspondent in Alexandria, showing the 13,000-ton Lloyd-Triestino liner, one of the most luxurious steamers on the Europe-Egypt service, on fire in the harbour. Largely owing to gallant efforts by men from British warships—among them the *Queen Elizabeth*, the *Sussex*, and the *Shropshire*—the loss of life was fairly small. All the thirty-three passengers on board were saved, but of the crew of 230 eight died as a result of burns

A DRAMATIC RESCUE: The stewardess and cook of the Finnish steamer, *Esbo*, being assisted up the beach after the vessel had been driven aground by the gale near Bootle. Several of the crew were saved by breeches-buoy, while others were brought ashore through mountainous seas in the ship's lifeboat, which was manned by the Chief Officer. The captain later paid a tribute to the calmness of all on board



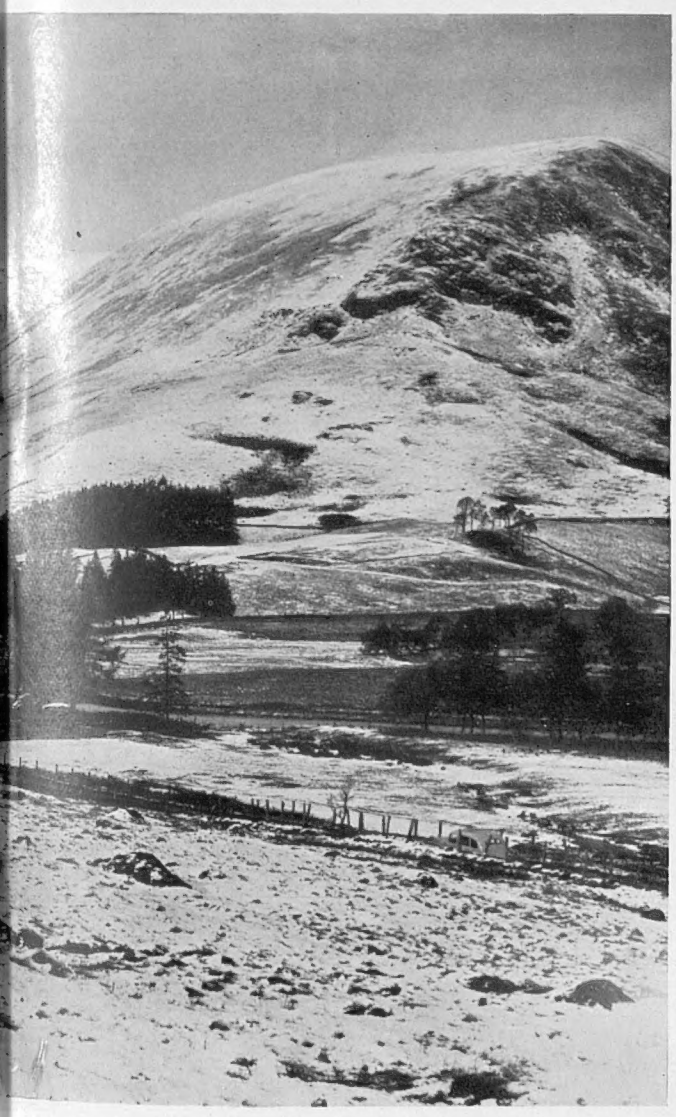
A WINTRY AUTUMN IN THE PERTHSHIRE GLENS

OF HISTORY



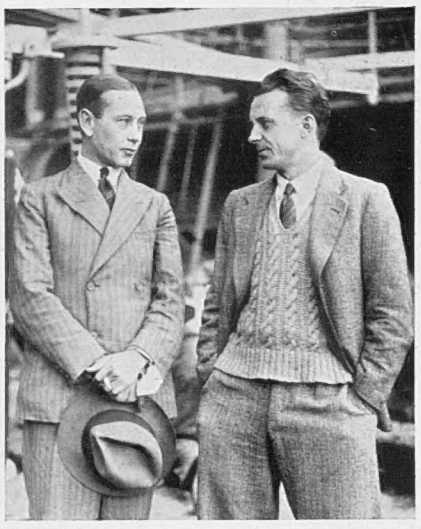
REUNION AT THE PIT HEAD: A collier of Nine Mile Point pit greeted by his wife on returning to the surface after he had been below ground for 177 hours. Many of the older men showed distinct signs of their tremendous ordeal, and most of them were not disposed to discuss their experiences. The time, it appears, was spent in holding concerts and prayer meetings

HIS LUCKY DAY: The Duke of Abercorn, Governor of Northern Ireland, the Duchess of Abercorn, and young Matthew Still, a riveter's "catch-boy," who presented Her Grace with a bouquet when she performed the ceremony of launching the new 5,200-ton cruiser, *Penelope*, at Belfast. The vessel will carry an armament of six 6-in. guns and belongs to the same class as the *Arethusa*, which was built at Chatham and was commissioned for trials last February



The slopes of Ben Gulabin covered with a mantle of snow—a scene typifying prevailing weather conditions north of the Border. During last week-end there were tremendous gales throughout Scotland, the wind velocity in places reaching 100 m.p.h.

AIMING TO BE BRITAIN'S FIRST SOCIAL CREDIT M.P.: Mr. Wilfred Townsend (*right*), district leader of the Green-shirt party, who is to contest one of the seats in Leeds at the forthcoming General Election. He is seen in this view leading a parade of drummers through the city



SOUTHWARD BOUND: Mr. G. W. Rayner, Chief Scientist, and Lieutenant C. B. N. Boothby, R.N.R., the skipper, who left London for the Antarctic a few days ago in the research ship, *William Scoresby*

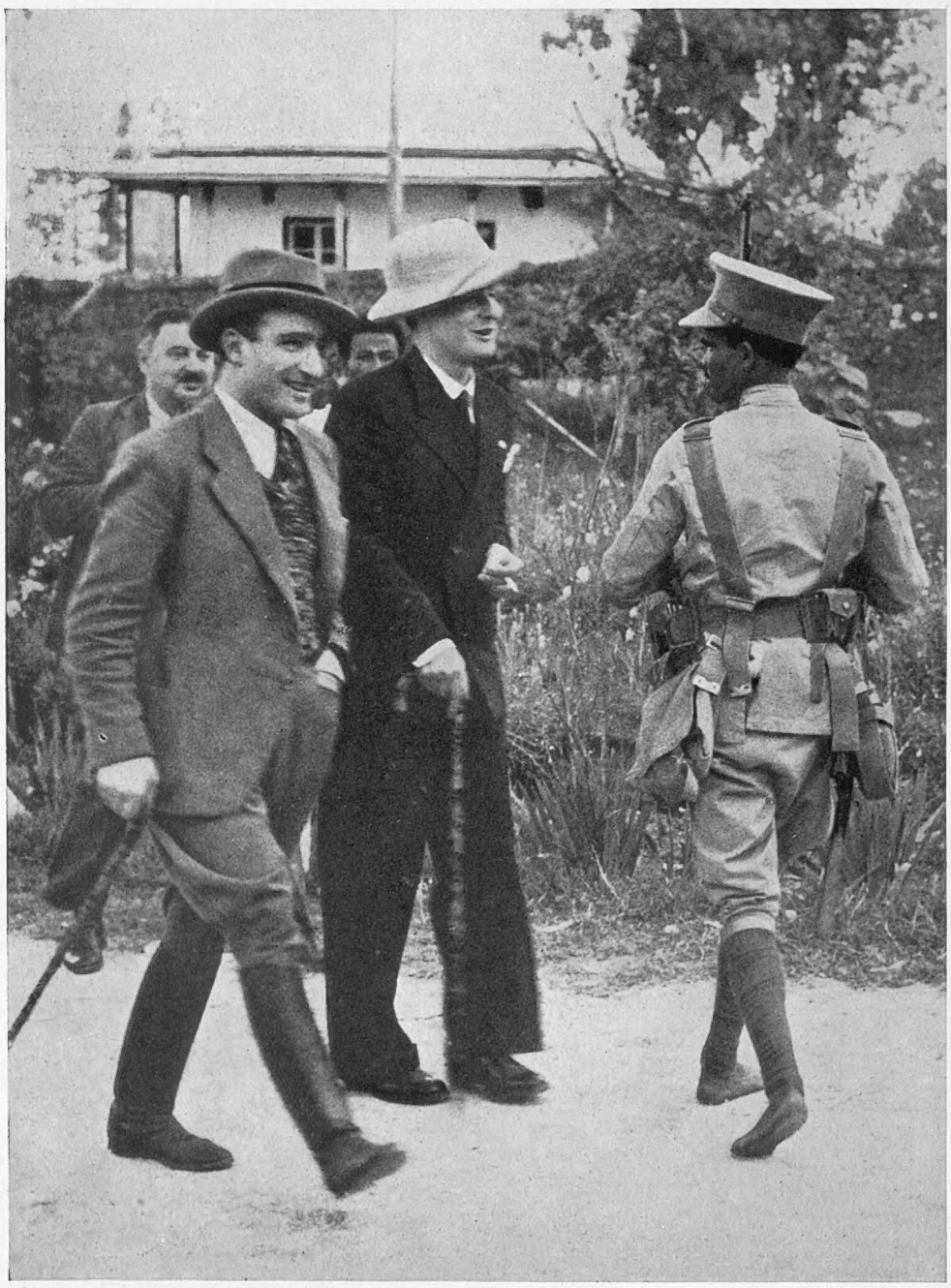
WILD OCTOBER IN LANCASHIRE AND YORKSHIRE: Two pictures taken during the violent gale which swept across Northern England last Saturday and Sunday. *Left*—The roof of a house at Sprotbrough, near Doncaster, badly damaged by an 80-ft. elm tree which crashed without warning at the height of the storm. *Right*—Two Liverpool business girls who found a new use for a Belisha beacon

THE FIRST FIGHTING

And a Pictorial Record of

THE VANGUARD OF ETHIOPIA'S SOUTHERN FORCE: Well equipped and well armed infantry scouts of General Nasibu's army which has been massed in the province of Ogaden to repel the attacks of General Graziani who is advancing across the border from Italian Somaliland, and on Monday last was reported to have engaged the enemy in hand-to-hand fighting. Up to now news from this front has been unreliable

DEFENDERS OF THE SECOND CITY: Abyssinians, who were firing an anti-aircraft gun in an attempt to prevent Italian bombs were dropped on the city, but the loss of life was of the people fled to the countryside for safety in accord



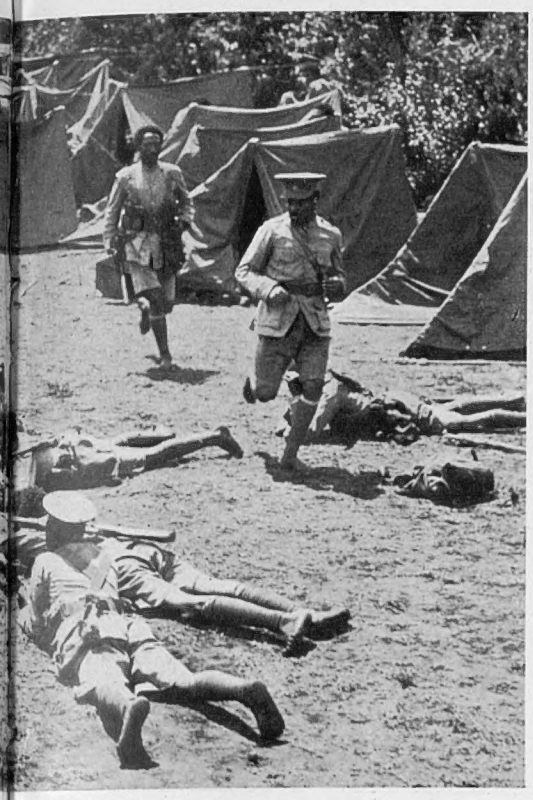
EXPELLED: Two members of the staff of the Italian Legation pictured as they were being escorted to Addis Ababa station prior to their departure from Ethiopia on the last refugee train. Their chief, Count Vinci, refused to leave, claiming that it was his duty to remain behind until every Italian Consul from the Provinces was safe. On Tuesday of this week the Minister was still in the capital

A LONG FAREWELL: Europeans who are remaining on in the capital station to bid goodbye to their friends as the last refugee train, officials and consuls, started for Djibouti, the port of French Somali had lived for many years in Abyssinia, and, in spite of the danger.

THE ITALIAN LEGATION'S ABYSSINIAN GUARDS: Troops on duty in the residence, where they were stationed in order to safeguard his Excel hostile Abyssinians following his refusal to leave the country. Later Count Calderini, the military attaché, to the house of Ras Desta where

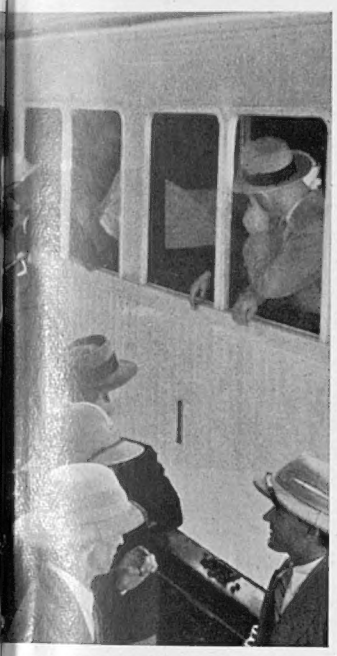
IN EAST OGADEN

Events in Addis Ababa



encamped about thirty miles to the south of Harar, flying machines from reaching their objective. Several reported to have been comparatively small as most ance with the Emperor's air raid instructions

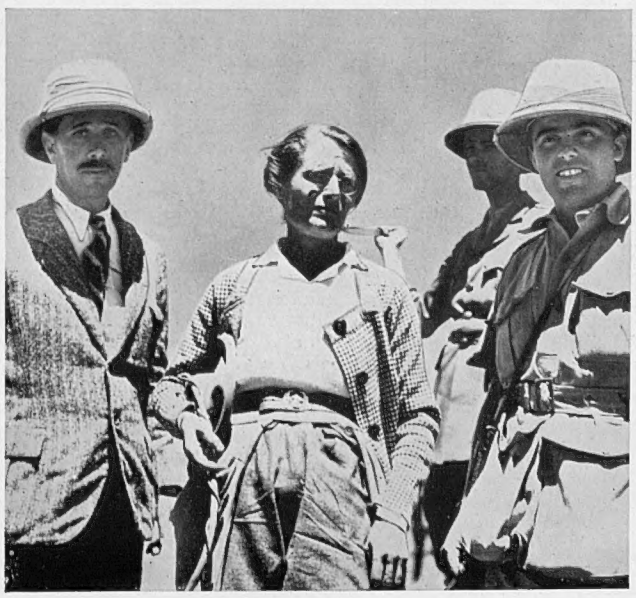
IN THE THEATRE OF WAR: A picture taken a few moments before that reproduced on the left. These troops were on their way from Addis Ababa to the Italian Somaliland frontier, where they were due to join General Nasibu. They appear to be much better equipped than most of the men drafted to this region, and, according to a correspondent, give the impression of having been intensively trained. Their rifles are new and were issued to them at the Palace arms depot



athered at Addis Ababa railway which also bore Ital an Legation land. Many of those who departed obviously left with great regret

TRENCH WARFARE ON THE SOUTHERN FRONT: These men were engaged in digging themselves in when they received warning of an attack by Italian bombers, and immediately prepared to fire at the invading machines. Contrary to general belief, there is no lack of ammunition among the Abyssinians in this zone, and on October 9 it was stated on good authority that approximately 2,000,000 extra rounds of cartridges had been distributed among the seventy-five thousand men under the command of General Nasibu and General Mikaille

grounds of Count Vinci's official lency from possible attacks by the Minister was transferred, with he has been kept under guard



Left—A JOURNEY THROUGH THE HOSTILE HINTERLAND: Signor Matteo Procho and Dr. Vinceuro, two Italian Consuls stationed at Debra Markos, and Signora Vinceuro pictured as they neared Addis Ababa after an eighteen-day trek across country, during which time they had no idea that war had broken out, and were not molested even by those natives who were aware of their identity. *Right*—Members of the Imperial Bodyguard, who have not as yet been despatched to the front, practising with an anti-aircraft gun on the outskirts of the capital

THE PASSING OF LADY ALICE SCOTT'S FATHER: A characteristic study of the seventh Duke of Buccleuch and ninth of Queensberry (*left*), whose death at the age of seventy-one took place last week at Bowhill, Selkirk, and as a result of which the plans for the Royal wedding have had to be considerably modified. He is succeeded by his eldest son the Earl of Dalkeith (*right*), who is an M.P. for Roxburghshire and was formerly in the Grenadier Guards. He was educated at Eton and Oxford

FLYING TO THEIR FATHER'S BEDSIDE: Lady Alice Scott and her sister, Lady Margaret Hawkins, seen on arrival at Turnhouse Aerodrome, Edinburgh, following their flight from Hendon in the Prince of Wales's aeroplane. They immediately drove out to Bowhill, Selkirk

THE NEW DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUCH AND HER DAUGHTERS, Lady Caroline, who was born in 1927, and Lady Elizabeth, who was born in 1922. The Duchess is a granddaughter of the late Sir Frank Cavendish Lascelles, a former Ambassador to both Germany and Russia

A CATHOLIC CELEBRATION: Bishop Wall, Auxiliary to the Archbishop of Dublin, and Dr. D. Coffey, of University College, on their way to University Church for the Mass held on the occasion of the opening of the Irish Academic year

A BLOW TO ETHIOPIA'S CAUSE: General Haile Selassie Gugsa, the present Emperor's son-in-law and a descendant of John IV, who with 1,500 men has surrendered to General de Bono, the Italian commander on the Eritrean front

The British Fleet in the Mediterranean

A Survey of the Vital Part it has Played in European History

AT the present time the position of the British fleet in the Mediterranean is one of the most discussed points in the International position, and our most important naval force, which is usually rather neglected by the non-professional observer, is receiving far more attention than it usually does. And naturally enough the question which is always asked when the Mediterranean fleet is noticed comes to the fore again—why is it that we maintain our biggest ships so far from home? The answer is to be found in history.

Our first naval interest in the Middle Sea took the form of occasional expeditions against the French or to chastise Moorish pirates, during the Commonwealth Blake made a great reputation at that work, but we had comparatively little trade there and no extended naval operations were possible for the lack of bases, except during the brief occupation of Tangier in the reign of Charles II. In 1690 Admiral Killigrew blockaded Toulon but he found the task a very difficult one and little efficiency was demanded; in 1694 Admiral Russell did wonders by maintaining his fleet in the Mediterranean in spite of all difficulties, one of the great events of British naval history although recognised only by the student. The capture of Gibraltar in 1704 made all the difference; we had a practical naval base, and with the protection of the fleet there British trade in the Mediterranean developed to great value.

The importance of the thorough naval occupation of the Mediterranean was generally realised in the eighteenth century; when it was neglected in 1756 we had the melancholy incident of Byng and Minorca—and it is made a great feature in the American Admiral Mahan's studies of naval warfare which started their popular interest. The Revolutionary and Napoleonic Wars with France naturally focussed attention on the Mediterranean where we always maintained a considerable fleet; the occupation is associated with the names of most British naval heroes of that time, conspicuously Nelson. The occupation of Malta in 1799 was a great help to our work and the confirmation of its nationality in 1814 gave us the natural complement to Gibraltar.

So in the years of peace in the nineteenth century the Mediterranean Fleet became the crack force of the British Navy, offering the finest opportunities for intensive training.

The flagship of the Mediterranean Fleet was regarded as being the ideal appointment for a young officer who wanted to make his name for smartness, the command of the fleet generally being held by an admiral of very high social position, often Royalty. His work did not only consist of keeping the fleet smart and what was then considered ready for war, but also largely of diplomatic visits and showing the British flag with dignity to States whose friendship or trade was valuable to us.

With the opening of the Suez Canal in 1869 the Mediterranean became the most vulnerable link of Britain's most important trade route to India, Australia, and the East, so that the station was no longer a diplomatic one or a training ground; the French at Toulon and the Russians in the Black Sea, the latter already planning the scrapping of the Treaty of Berlin, openly preached the efficiency of corsair warfare against British shipping. So the station became a more serious one from the naval point of view and in the 'seventies and 'eighties the main fleet consisted of a miscellaneous collection of powerful ironclads without homogeneity—many of them sent "up the Straits" as a fine weather station but backed only by gunboats and sloops so that there was little chance of proper scouting work and the fleet was not ideal for commerce protection. In 1880 was the last occasion when it cruised under all plain sail, for steam machinery had become economical and reliable, and many felt that the glory was indeed departed.

In 1882 the fleet was reinforced for the bombardment of Alexandria and the subsequent operations in Egypt, and at the turn of the century, when Vice-Admiral Sir John Fisher was Commander-in-Chief, a revolution was effected, and gunnery took the place of picturesque tactical operations. When he became First Sea Lord and set about concentrating the Navy in home waters against Germany, the Mediterranean Fleet was greatly reduced. In 1904 it consisted of thirteen battleships and two armoured cruisers, in the following year of eight battleships and four armoured cruisers, and two years later two more of the battleships were withdrawn. When war broke out it was four battle cruisers, four armoured cruisers, four light cruisers, and a considerable force of destroyers.

During the war it was the secondary British naval area but it was invaluable to the Allies for we afforded the French great assistance in protecting her North African trade lane—"the main artery of France" and established a base at Taranto to assist the Italian fleet against the Austrians and enemy submarines. The Dardanelles campaign demanded many additional ships and the protection of merchantmen from the U-boats was a constant anxiety.

Since the war the British Navy has, of course, been very greatly reduced and the Mediterranean Fleet has periodically had to be combined with the Home Fleet in order to get sufficient ships together to carry out useful exercises, but latterly the tendency has been to strengthen it at the expense of the Home Fleet and it is once again our most important force.

The modern routine is for it to spend half the year at Malta, where the entire group of islands live on it, with incessant exercises in harbour and round about, and the other half at sea divided into four cruises of various lengths covering the whole area. The ships of the fleet, especially the destroyers, are in a central position to act as a stiffening for any threatened area, for instance the troubles in China in 1926 demanded the help of a force of Mediterranean ships, and it is a curious fact, easily confirmed, that whenever our Mediterranean Fleet has been reduced to below its normal position in comparison with other navies the country has always passed through one of its periodical spells of low prestige and influence.

Frank C. Bowen

A EUROPEAN NEWS SURVEY

Events in France, Germany, and Austria

HONOURING THE MARTYR OF MARSEILLES: M. Jean Chiappe, President of the Paris Municipal Council and former chief of police, speaking at the ceremony of laying the foundation stone at the Porte Maillot of a memorial to King Peter of Serbia (1844–1921) and his son, the late King Alexander of Yugoslavia whose assassination took place just a year ago. Also in this group is Marshal Franchet d'Esperey and General Gouraud, the Military Governor of Paris

A RED-LETTER DAY: Prince Starhemberg, Austria's Vice-Chancellor, chatting with peasants in national costume when he visited Klagenfurt on the occasion of the celebration of the fifteenth anniversary of Carinthia's decision by plebiscite to adhere to Austria rather than join the new State of Yugoslavia

ASPECTS OF BERLIN LIFE: *Left*—Diners at a temporary open-air "restaurant" in Potsdam Square on the first "One Dish Sunday" of the 1935–1936 season which was held on October 13 when, in accordance with the custom of the past two years, all good German citizens reduced their dinner to one course, contributing to the Nazi Winter Relief Fund the difference in cost between this and their usually more elaborate meal. *Right*—German interest in the East African conflict is tremendous, and this is only one of numerous booksellers' windows in the capital that are crowded with maps and new and second-hand books on Ethiopia

NEW ARMY, POST OFFICE, AND POLICE UNIFORMS: Four pictures illustrating some of the striking changes in dress that have just been made in France and Germany. *Left*—A lance-corporal, an officer, and a sergeant of the Reich defence force; the first wearing the old type of uniform, and the others the rather more decorative tunics which have been generally adopted. *Second from left*—French fortress guards who now wear berets in two different shades; khaki indicating that they are stationed on the north-east frontier, and light blue indicating that they belong to the south-east. The most important innovation, however, is the superseding of horizon blue by khaki as the principal colour for uniforms in the service. *Second from right*—The open collar and tie that take the place of the tight-fitting and uncomfortable-looking collar formerly in vogue in the French police force. *Right*—The smart outfit now issued to postmen in France

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SCENE OF THE TRAGEDY: A beflagged buoy marking the approximate spot off Kinsale Head, Ireland, where the *Lusitania* was sent to the bottom by torpedoes and where the S.S. *Orphir* is now making preparations to conduct salvage operations

Salving the Lusitania's Gold

How the Problem is Being Tackled

WHEN, twenty years ago, the *Lusitania* was sunk by an enemy torpedo off the coast of Ireland, there was in her strong room £1,000,000 in gold.

In a few days' time an attempt will be made to recover that treasure from its present resting place forty-eight fathoms down in the Atlantic off the Head of Kinsale.

The task of locating the lost liner was for years regarded as hopeless. But the S.S. *Orphir*, the Argonaut Corporation's salvage ship, has already succeeded in this, the first part of her hazardous quest.

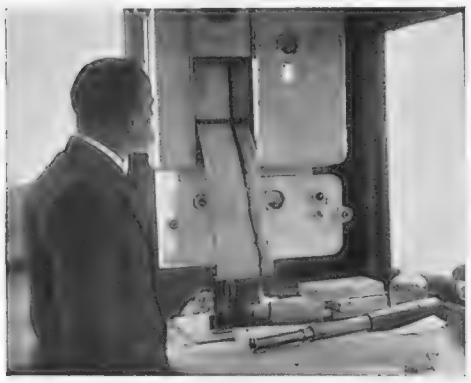
Where the *Lusitania* sank a buoy rides on the grey waters of the Atlantic. And in a few days, if the weather moderates, the salvage ship will steam to that charted point, drop her 2½-ton anchors and pay out to the first diver the life line that will take him through the green-black gloom to the sunken ship's burial place.

The difficulties that bar the way of man working 285 ft. below the surface of the water are enormous.

In her twenty years on the bed of the Atlantic the *Lusitania* will have settled down on the sea bed and become a half-covered prominence matted with marine vegetation.

The divers who have as their objective the uncovering of her strong-room face an onerous task. At that depth they will be obliged to work in complete darkness, save for the light of electric torches whose range is little more than 6 ft.

The way to the strong-room (and the divers have studied the ship's construction with care) will be by process of successive blastings through the ship's decks.



THE ECHO-SOUNDING APPARATUS: Equipment on the *Orphir*, which is used for determining the configuration of the sea bed

If, as it is believed, she lies with her keel approximately in a normal position, the divers will be able to work down from her boat decks.

Through boat, main, and hurricane decks the divers will bore their entrance, and this should, it is considered, prove as straightforward a task as was the similar process in the case of the *Egypt*.

The real difficulty is likely to be encountered when the strong-room itself is reached. For in the construction of this compartment heavy steel plating was used.

A big charge would be likely to damage the walls and flooring, or deck, of the strong-room and in this way scatter the bullion.

Thus, when the divers of the *Orphir* reach the strong room they will proceed slowly by a series of small charges known as "pop" charges, using just enough high explosive to loosen up a few rivets at a time.

If the ship is found to be lying on her side, or keel up, the work of the divers will begin with a survey to determine at which point they shall apply their oxy-acetylene blow-lamps.

These blow-lamps burn under water, and are capable of reducing steel plates to white heat.

Another problem that faces the divers is the probability of the wreck being silted over by the action of the sea.

Until a few years ago divers had no method of dealing with this problem. To-day high-pressure water hoses are used. The diver directs the stream on the silt and blows it clear.

At the depth at which the *Lusitania* lies, however, operations are bound to be slow. Even with torches visibility at that depth is reduced to less than 6 ft., though communication between fellow-divers is maintained by the simple device of helmet contact. Two diving helmets in conjunction at any depth supply a means of sound communication.

To obviate the danger of the men being hit and hurt by descending tackle, all gear is

ON BOARD THE S.S. "ORPHIR": A 35-cwt. buoy being hoisted from the hold. It is being employed to moor the vessel

painted white. Even so, the divers who will descend to recover the *Lusitania's* gold will face more than one real danger.

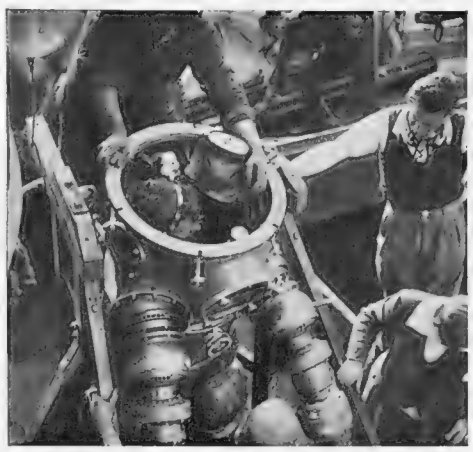
There is the real danger of a fouling of air lines when the men pass from the sea-bed into the liner's hull. There is the danger, too, of attack by dogfish, for just now that large and well-equipped fish is at its breeding season.

The general idea that there is danger from sharks, however, is not supported by evidence. The diver evokes fear in the shark and it never attacks.

It is probable that the salving of the *Lusitania's* gold will prove an even more difficult task than the salving of the *Egypt's* bullion.

The salvage ships can work only when the weather permits, and the Atlantic is notoriously choppy.

At the present moment the S.S. *Orphir* lies in the shelter of the Lower Cove, Kinsale. Her divers are waiting for the propitious weather that will be the signal for the commencement of one of the most intrepid of deep-sea diving adventures of modern times.



A DEEP-SEA DIVING SUIT: Mr. A. J. Jarratt, one of the divers, testing his telephone apparatus before making a trial descent near the *Lusitania* wreck

IN RIPE OCTOBER

"Season of Mists and Mellow Fruitfulness": Notes from a Country-lover's Diary

THERE is a certain quality of softness about the landscape in these October days—a blue autumnal haze touching faintly the outline of meadow and of forest land. By now all has been gathered in—the fields have yielded up their store; and the grain, browned and sweetened with sun and wind and rain, has gone its various ways. Here, where the grain once grew is now a wide stretch of richly-coloured ploughland, set with brown furrows that darken to deep violet in their shadows.

And all that yet remains of the past season's growth are the corn-ricks which stand, yellow and trim, beside the hedgerow.

The scarlet points of hip and haw replace the blossoms that have passed away; and amongst these upon occasion a quaint growth may be found—the robin's pincushion. Placed upon a wild briar stem this shows itself a mossy ball of green and rose, varying greatly in its size.

In vast flocks the house-sparrows haunt the farmstead places at this time of year. Their twitter sounds pleasantly as they rise in a cloud of fluttering wings, alarmed by some passer-by.

The tree sparrow, a bird of the same species (though varying somewhat in his appearance, and far more rare) is often of their company. But in all probability only some very few individuals would be present amongst these swarming, busied multitudes. Nearby in the fresh green covert of the clover-meadow the corncrake is meandering. Now that his cornfield has been cut, he has betaken himself across the way; and no doubt is considering whether he shall take his departure at once or wait here until the next nesting season is over. His mate and their brood are with him, and the whole party bears a strong resemblance to a covey of partridges as they peck about the ground and wander along together.

Now that the corncrakes have lingered here so long, it may be that they will forgo their journey overseas and spend the winter months about the English countryside; as this at times is what these birds elect to do.

Where the grass is still uncut it is pale and dun-coloured with feathered tips; and when it is disturbed insects of various kinds make their appearance.

And that strange thread-like apparition—the harvester—scurries hastily away. She differs considerably from her fellows—this harvest spider, with her unwieldy equipment of a set of immensely long legs that seem so disproportionate to her tiny body, with which, however, she manages most skilfully.

The yarrow, which for so long has flourished about the land, is at last beginning to fade. The milky-white or faintly-tinted blooms are seeding and darkening rapidly; and seldom now will a flowering plant be found.

A small, bright butterfly flickers along, and he settles upon a blade of grass. He is a Common Blue, his name being fully descriptive, for he is a wanderer that can be seen almost anywhere about the countryside—careless whether it be mountain, field, or downland that he chances upon in his voyaging—conveniently he adapts himself to all. And even now he may be met with, still on the wander, a scrap of blue-winged beauty to delight the eye. The great convolvulus pursues her way about her chosen places with much precision, her leaves extending neatly one above the other up the stem, the large white bell of the flower set daintily at various points. The whole device making a rare but very welcome decoration about the hedgerow, and along the bank, most noticeable at this time of the year when the season of the wayside flower is on the wane.

By now the clusters of fruit upon the eldertree are ripe. As they matured they made an attractive appearance amongst the dark green of the foliage—yellow, crimson, pale green, and bilberry colour—each small round berry on its deep-red stalk.

They are ready to be plucked, and thrifty country-folk will take them home and make of them a store of pleasant cordials—a comfort for the chill of coming winter days.

In ancient times it was held—indeed as it is still held to-day by some—that every part of the elder had a virtue of its own.

And so it came about that brews were made of stalk and flower, leaf and berry, and even of the root of the friendly eldertree mother, so well known in folklore and fairy tale. . . . Towards evening, when the sun has gone, leaving a trail of daffodil to show his passage through the West, the long-eared bat makes his appearance on the scene—a tiny dark mysterious figure slipping dimly through the dusk.

All day long he has slumbered in his secret haunt; a-waiting this twilight hour when he may venture forth and embark upon his business of the night.

And presently, when the great moon, aglow in orange-gold is climbing slowly through the cold pearl grey of the eastern sky, a snowy form drifts out across the valley. For the barn-owl too, has aroused himself from his sleep; and he is off and away upon his nocturnal excursions. His heavy-lidded eyes are wide open now, and quick to notice any unwary mouse or beetle that may be abroad, moving about in the moonlit herbage. When he has captured one of these, he will, in owl fashion, swallow it whole.

Another of these nocturnal wanderers—one who hastens away in the ripening autumn days—has already departed. He is not often to be seen about, this shy creature—the nightjar, lover of the twilight and the dark. In some country places he is known also by the name of the fern owl, for he haunts the ferny ground; and here he may perhaps be chanced upon, dozing in some quiet spot in his own strange fashion. Not perched, bird-like, across a bough, but resting lengthways upon it. Thus, till supper-time has come, he rests; and then he seeks his food.

Sometimes he ranges in the open country, but more often he prefers to thread his way between the trees and bushes, as he searches for the insect life that flits and wanders through the hours of night.

Muriel W. Haywood

THE HERRING HARVEST: Drifters passing each other outside Yarmouth Harbour; the one returning to port laden with herrings and the other making for the fishing grounds. The season is now in full swing in East Anglia and, although phenomenal catches have led to price reductions, conditions on the whole appear to be much better this year than they were last, thanks in a large measure to the efficient work of the newly constituted Herring Board which is engaged in the reorganisation and development of the industry and has powers to temporarily limit the supply of fish when there is danger of a glut. Exports are on the up-grade, Soviet Russia, Poland, and Germany all having made considerable purchases. The first-named placed an order for 50,000 barrels

THE AUTUMN SEA

A giant wave beating over the front at Hastings where there has lately been a repetition of the gales that ravaged the South Coast during September

ITALY *under* ARMS

Young and Old Flock to the Colours

THE SOLDIERS OF TO-MORROW: Members of the "Figli della Lupa" (Sons of the She-Wolf) sounding the reveille with trumpet and drum. This militant youth organisation has members in all parts of Italy and, now that hostilities have begun in East Africa, thousands of boys are joining up. Many of them are only eight years of age

THE PATRIOT: A striking type of Italian soldier with a tri-colour attached to the band of his helmet

YOUTH PLAYS ITS PART: "The Sons of the She-Wolf" (a name linking them with the legend of Romulus and Remus) marching through Genoa during one of their weekly parades. They carry no rifles, but the intention of their leaders is to train them to be good citizens, efficient soldiers, and upholders of the Fascist cause

THEIR INSPIRATION: A portrait of Signor Mussolini amid a collection of kit-bags and rifles on the quay ready to be placed aboard a troopship at Naples

"BUT HAVE YOU WINE AND MUSIC STILL?" Italian soldiers arriving on board the troopship, *Quirinale*, before leaving for Eritrea. Correspondents have frequently referred to the carefree attitude of the troops on departing from Italy and their serious demeanour on passing through Suez and reaching the torrid shores of East Africa. *On right*—Men dancing at Genoa docks preparatory to embarking on a troopship

FORT MOYALE: The last British outpost on the borders of Kenya and Abyssinia where the two young adventurers were taken in charge by the police after their attempt to cross the frontier to join one of the Emperor Haile Selassie's armies

TRYING TO JOIN THE ETHIOPIAN ARMY

The Story of an Attempt that Failed

NAIROBI.

TWO young Britishers, on adventure bent, have just made a return trip to Abyssinia, being escorted on part of their return journey by an armed escort of Abyssinians and Kenya Police. Here is their own story:

Being at a loose end in Nairobi, we hit on the idea of motoring up to Addis Ababa and joining the Abyssinian forces, and made plans accordingly. We fitted up our box-body (safari) car with water-drums, blankets, and some grub and set off at dawn. That night we reached Isiolo, about 206 miles north of Nairobi, the gateway to the Northern Frontier Province, a strip of almost desert country lying between the highlands and Kenya and Abyssinia. We camped down here, and next morning we obtained a pass through Isiolo on the pretext of a fourteen days' shooting trip, otherwise, had our intentions been known, we should have been turned back there and then. This permit entitled us to shoot in the Isiolo district only, the limits of which would have taken us only a quarter of the way to our destination. We therefore became law-breakers, and henceforth our progress was made in fear of detection by scouts of the few small and scattered police and military posts which control the N.F.P.

At Isiolo we took on board 12 gallons of petrol and that evening saw us at Madagashi the one water hole on our route and about half way to Wajir. Wajir is about 250 miles from Isiolo and is a small desolate police post. Here we camped for the night and found the local Somalis very friendly and so hospitable that they even killed a young goat for our evening meal. Wajir, which we imagined was destined to be our chief stumbling block now lay about 100 miles ahead of us and we planned to stop a few miles from the outskirts of the post and leave the car in the bush and wait for night. Next day we proceeded accordingly and found a suitable hiding place about a mile south of the township. It was now dusk. When it had darkened we walked into the township and secured some petrol and ascertained the correct route to Moyale the border police post, about 200 miles from Wajir. We returned to the car and slept until two o'clock in the morning when we started up and drove slowly through the township and on for the frontier without disturbance. We did not stop until we were about 40 miles on our way when we again left the road and slept till dawn.

Next day we hoped to reach Moyale on the border, the last British outpost, shortly after sunset. What with punctures and stopping to shoot game we did not reach Moyale until about 8 p.m. Buying some petrol hastily we made a dash for the border, and actually got a few miles into Abyssinia before being arrested by a rough crowd of Abyssinian soldiers on outpost duty. Here we were detained for some hours and then escorted back to Moyale, where we were taken in charge by the Kenya Police. During our short sojourn with our Abyssinian friends we made use of our slight knowledge of Amharic sufficiently to understand that they were far from alarmed at the prospect of an Italian invasion, and that Adowa has left them with the idea that the Italians can again be defeated. As a glance at the map will show this part of the border is not likely to be attacked, and there were few troops in the area which is more probably occupied by bandits and outlaws. On the British side the meagre defence post had not been augmented.

"Fed up" at the miserable end to our adventure, although the trip will always be something to look back upon, we found ourselves placed under an armed escort and escorted back to Wajir, where we were placed in a tent and confined there for two days guarded night and day. Another escort was arranged for our 250-mile trip back to Isiolo where we were severely reprimanded by the officer commanding and forbidden to re-enter the Northern Frontier Province. Thus ended our attempt to join the Abyssinian forces.

NEARING THE ABYSSINIAN BORDER: Typical country in Northern Kenya

FROM SCORCHING MASSAWA TO TEMPERATE ASMARA

A Word Picture of a Journey to the Highlands of Eritrea

By G. A. MARTELLI

IN the mind of anyone landing at Massawa, chief port of Eritrea, the question inevitably arises, "Why did the Italians want it?" There are many unprepossessing coasts in the world and not a few of them border the Red Sea. But I doubt whether in or out of that sea there is any place more forbidding in aspect than Massawa.

Imagine a flat sandy shore, a treeless waste beyond, then foothills sparsely covered with scrub; in the distance the dim outline of seemingly inaccessible mountains, more suggestive of savage desolation than of cultivated, inhabited country.

As the land grows nearer its pattern gradually assumes a more intelligible form. Objects on shore begin to sort themselves out: rows of huts with corrugated iron roofs; gasometer-like tanks for storing fuel; straggling industrial plants; a white-washed military post, with flag flying; in the middle distance a ragged collection of wood and mud dwellings—the native village.

The roads come in view; then the harbour, a natural inlet formed between an island and the mainland and artificially blocked at one end by a causeway. About fifty ships in sight, of which a dozen perhaps find room within the harbour, the rest being at anchor outside. Some are empty, some heavily laden with motor lorries, timber, provisions. The decks of one steamer are entirely given over to mules. A certain amount of unloading into native dhows is going on, but the majority are awaiting their turn to go alongside. They may wait a month or more, as preference is naturally given to troopships.

Our own ship, the *Conte Biancamano* was to wait till sunset before berthing, so I obtained permission to go ashore with the Customs' officers. It was two o'clock; but though the sun was deadly, and the air felt like the hot towel which barbers apply to your face after shaving, the heat was much more supportable that it was to seem a few hours later. It was dry, scorching, but breathable.

The wharfs and warehouses, the few general stores, and most of the administrative offices, as well as the only hotel and the post office, all stand on the island. This part of the town was rebuilt entirely after an earthquake, and like everything constructed under the Fascist regime, it possesses both solidity and dignity. Two storeyed buildings, whose façades harmonise with an architectural background pre-eminently Arab, extend the whole length of the quays, over colonnades which provide the only shady sidewalk in all Eritrea.

IN THE ERITREAN UPLANDS: The town of Adi Ugri which, until the first Italian advance, was the headquarters of General Maravignia, the commander of the 2nd Army Corps, which captured Adowa

On the mainland a dusty road runs to the railway station and thence inland. Between it and the sea stand a score of shabby villas belonging to the permanent white colony, the Roman Catholic Church, the headquarters of the local Air Force, and the Governor's Residence. Beyond this is a strip of waste land where temporary barracks house the small military garrison and the Italian workmen who are employed enlarging and improving the port. The barracks are skeletons consisting of framework and roof, designed to give their occupants what little air there is. They are surrounded by barbed wire fences.

I asked a group of workmen who were putting up a restaurant what they thought of life at Massawa.

"Well, it's not much of a life," was the answer, "but it won't last for ever and the pay is good—1,000 lire the monthly minimum even for unskilled labour."

The men wore sun helmets, shorts, and sandals, and their bare torsos were covered with a scarlet rash. They said it was only heat and didn't seem to be bothered by it. Most of the Italians I saw working at Massawa were similarly afflicted; their other bane is flies. They told me that the natives of Eritrea considered Massawa uninhabitable and that the only people who could be got to work there, beside themselves, were Somalis. The lucky people were those who went up, and they nodded in the direction of the mountains. I found afterwards that this was the burden of all conversations at Massawa. The coast was intolerable, but once you got to the highlands life became endurable.

THE ROCKY ROUTE FROM MASSAWA TO ASMARA: A view showing (in foreground) how the highway winds backwards and forwards up the mountain. The descent on the other side is equally tortuous

I asked if there was much disease. In the beginning, yes, they admitted. In May and up to the middle of June transport was still inadequate. Troopships would arrive and remain for five or six days at anchor waiting to disembark their load. Men died from the heat. Now all was changed. The troops arrived in port and left for the plateau the same day. A few cases of sunstroke, occasional intestinal trouble, was all the medical sheet contained at Massawa in September.

The absence of disease was confirmed to me in a conversation with some soldiers.

"Oh, it's healthy enough," said a disconsolate young conscript, "but, God, how dull! If only there were a chance of our getting up there"—he pointed to the mountains—"but we're stuck here till the end of it."

"What's your job?" I asked.

"Oh, we're the fire brigade." He nodded towards a row of gleaming fire engines.

"Much work?"

"Two fires since we've been here; small ones."

"And how do you pass the time?"

"We try to sleep," with a shrug. "We keep in the shade."

After trailing myself for an hour through the dust and glare of Massawa I began to experience what I now realised was the universal sentiment, namely an overwhelming desire to escape. But the only passenger train left at six in the morning, and it was necessary to obtain the permission of the military authority to travel in it. This meant waiting till 5 p.m., when the offices reopened.

Meanwhile I could enquire about a room for the night. One glance, however, at the Albergo Savoia convinced me of the desirability of sleeping on board. The hotel accommodation in Massawa is one of the few matters in Eritrea which the Italian authorities, so thoughtful in every other respect, have evidently not yet given their minds to. There was thus nothing to do but await the berthing of the ship and pray that a place would be available on the train.

The sun was now going down, but the approach of night—there is no evening—instead of bringing

(*Continued on p.* 136)

b

WITH the ITALIANS

New Pictures from Eritrea

PREPARING AGAINST A SURPRISE ATTACK: Erecting barbed-wire entanglements round one of the camps near Asmara, Eritrea, where General de Bono's troops concentrated prior to their advance across the frontier to Adowa. Up to now the safety-first tactics of the Italians have been a notable feature of the campaign, as with their lengthening lines of communication they realise they are exposing themselves to attack both in flank and rear and defences are essential at points many miles distant from the front

GUNNERY INSTRUCTION: An Italian soldier explaining the various parts of a field-gun to a native. The latter are good fighters, and their quick intelligence in assimilating the principles of modern warfare is proving a great asset

ON THE RANGES: A machine-gunner, stripped to the waist, because of the intense heat, practising near a camp in Eritrea. It is reported that the Italian Army possesses over 15,000 of these weapons

A NATIVE CAVALRYMAN: A striking-looking member of General Biroli's bodyguard which marched with him to Adowa

FATIGUE PARTY: Men of General Graziani's Peloritina Division bringing stores on mule-back from Mogadishu, the chief town and port of Italian Somaliland, to an outlying camp on the southern front

(Continued from p. 135)

relief seemed to increase the heat. The atmosphere became heavy, damp, stifling, and the feeble breeze which had sometimes made itself felt in the afternoon died away completely. To make matters worse all the beer in the place was exhausted.

The transport entered the harbour and made fast at six. The troops—two legions of Blackshirts—had already eaten their supper so the disembarkation began immediately under the glare of arc lights. While the stores and provisions were being dumped on the quay and loaded on lorries by chattering natives, the men landed by companies carrying their packs on their back and were marched to a large square to await orders. There were 3,500 of them and the disembarkation took just three hours.

Two hours more were required to pack them into a fleet of motor lorries which had been arriving in batches from up above throughout the afternoon

IN EAST AFRICA

and Somaliland

GENERAL ATTILIO TERUZZI: Until a few weeks ago he was commander of the whole of Italy's Fascist Militia, but he asked to be sent to the front where he is now one of General de Bono's chief assistants and is in charge of a Blackshirt Division. He has had considerable experience of colonial warfare

ONE OF THE VICTORS OF ADOWA: General Biroli, Commander of the centre column during the advance to the historic city in Tigré where the Italians drove back the forces of Ras Seyoum and avenged their disastrous defeat of 1896. General Biroli's troops consist partly of natives and partly of a division of Blackshirts

ZERO HOUR ON THE NORTHERN FRONT: Native cavalry on their way across the Abyssinian frontier prior to the capture of Adowa. They are well mounted and well armed, and absolutely loyal to the Italian cause

"THE N.A.A.F.I.": This rudely built café in the uplands of Eritrea does a roaring trade in food and tobacco among the troops resting behind the lines. There is nowhere else where they can spend their money

There were two sorts of lorry, a Fiat and a Ford, seating fourteen and twenty-five people respectively. With all the equipment it meant a pretty tight jam. The men were literally soaked in sweat and were asking for water. As the water waggon came down the line each lorry load sent a man to it. The convoy could not start till midnight as at that period there was one-way traffic between the base and the plateau. As the night advanced the heat seemed more and more oppressive. The wait was especially trying for the men, sitting packed like sardines on hard seats.

At last the motors started up. The head of the column began to move. Faces brightened, there was a ripple of cheering. Someone started singing "Giovinezza"; from another line came the war cry, chanted in unison, "Duce, Duce." Fascist salutes were exchanged with the bystanders, those who were remaining behind and who had witnessed so many similar departures.

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A BANYAN OF ITALIAN SOMALILAND: The curiously formed type of tree which sends down from its branches roots that ultimately develop into accessory trunks

OGADEN: THE SOUTHERN THEATRE OF WAR

A Military Survey of this Ethiopian Province by a Pioneer of 1903

OGADEN, Haud, Webi Shebeli. These three names conjure up pleasing pictures of men who even then had made their mark either as administrators of these wild lands, or as pioneers who combined rough traverses and astronomical observations for position with sport, or as soldier-sportsmen who elected to spend three or six months hard-earned leave on the plains of the Haud or in the thorn-forests and swamps of the valley of the Webi Shebeli, known for years past as "the hunter's paradise." For example, the elder Swayne and Cordeaux, the younger Swayne and Hunter, Mellis, V.C., Cobbe, V.C., and Manning spring to the mind as examples of these categories. To recall their names summons up a veritable gallery of feats of arms and woodcraft, and stories of difficulties overcome, dangers faced and surmounted, and of tracts of hitherto unknown country definitely surveyed and mapped for the benefit of the world at large in years to come.

Ogaden, a term originally used to designate a number of allied tribes of nomad Somalis, has in recent years come to mean the tract of country over which they roam (as seasons of the year dictate) in search of fodder and water for their herds of camels and vast flocks of sheep and goats. The term Haud originally indicated this territory of patches of thorn-forest and jungle, alternating with vast waterless plains, where the grass often grows to a height of 4 ft. or 5 ft., but of late years the name Haud is scarcely heard, Ogaden having displaced it.

At the present time Ogaden looms large in the public eye, for Italian columns are in motion between Dolo (on the bank of the Juba river in the south) to Damot in Ethiopian territory close to the south-east corner of British Somaliland. The distance between these two places is some 450 miles, about the same as the Allied Line on the Western Front in 1917. When the great terrestrial upheaval took place (in the neighbourhood of east longitude 40 degs.) which was responsible for the emergence of the Ethiopian Highlands, reflex surface waves travelled eastwards and south-eastwards, and created the outlying hills and spurs around Harar, the Assa and Golis Ranges (some 4,000 to 5,000 ft. above sea) in British Somaliland south of Berbera, and the gently undulating plains of the remainder of British Somaliland and Ethiopian Ogaden. The earth waves travelled on, through Benadir (Italian Somaliland) to the coast of the Indian Ocean, so that we see, east of the Ethiopian Highlands, a vast undulating tract, with few valleys and insignificant streams in the north-eastern portion, whilst in the southern half, fed from these same Highlands and the hills round Harar, are three main streams—Tug Fafan, Webi Shebeli and the Juba river.

The general level of the country along the undemarcated Italo-Ethiopian boundary of Benadir is 2,000 ft. above the sea, and the foot-hills are some 140 miles north-west of, and parallel to, this boundary, rising above the plain more and more rapidly the farther we march towards Harar and Addis Ababa.

In the greater part of British Somaliland and in the Ogaden the surface soil is a red laterite, which is friable and very dusty in dry weather, but after a heavy tropical shower the surface turns to a sticky, clinging mud, whereon camels slide and slither helplessly, mules and ponies pick their way with difficulty, and wheeled traffic is entirely held up.

These laterite lands are excellent for cotton growing. The depth of laterite at Hageisa (British Somaliland) has been proved to be 100 ft., and it gradually decreases in thickness the farther south-east one goes.

Moreover, as in parts of South Africa, and the plains of Western Sind (India), so here deep drifts or dongas suddenly appear, at times miles long, with precipitous sides, forming an impassable obstacle to rapidly moving cavalry or tanks and motor transport, unless the marching columns are guided by experienced local men, for roads as we understand them are non-existent, and the tracks worn by countless generations of nomads and their flocks and herds are known only to those tribes and sub-sections who use them.

The patches of thorn-scrub, often 100 square miles and more in area, are impenetrable save along these tracks, and those who have traversed the Haud know to their cost how easy it is to miss the track, and how difficult to find it again, once lost.

The trite Somali proverb—"He who holds the wells, holds the country"—is as true to-day as of yore, and must continue until the whole country is opened up.

The upheaval which we have mentioned raised a cap of iron-impregnated limestone over the greater part of Ethiopia, through which volcanic rocks were extruded. In many places the limestone rocks, in which water is found, contain much calcium sulphate, soluble in water. The wells dug by the inhabitants are rarely more than 50 ft. deep, and the water they yield often acts on men and animals as an aperient. In process of time contamination occurs, sulphuretted hydrogen is generated, and after some months of disuse, the water of the wells is undrinkable by man or beast, and fresh sources must be found.

With water supplies so widely scattered (wells are often 50 miles apart and, in many places, 100 miles), the problem of watering animals becomes serious. And so it comes about that a tribe, rich in camels and sheep, migrates *en masse* to the lands of a neighbour-tribe more fortunately situated, particularly in periods of severe drought.

Pressed by necessity, the tribe will, if necessary, fight for possession of the coveted water, and thus are generated "Frontier incidents," of which the Italians have in recent months made so much in their reports to Rome and to Geneva. That incidents of this kind need not occur is evident by the careful provision contained in the Treaty of 1924 between Great Britain and Italy, when the territory between the Webi Shebeli and the Juba was handed over by Great Britain to the Italian Government.

The tribes are ignorant of International boundaries, whether demarcated or not, and Government officials are few and probably reside some distance away. This is particularly true of Ethiopian officials, who will freely acknowledge that they prefer to live in a more temperate climate, above a level of 4,000 ft. Their duty to collect dues and Government revenue from the tribes obliges them to descend, from time to time, to the unwelcome lower levels, but they see to it that they remain in the hot lowlands no longer than is absolutely necessary, and once the dues are collected, in money or in kind, they march back to the highlands with all speed, glad to be quit of the heat, the noxious insects, and the scorching winds which blow from the south-west from May to September.

THE DUKE OF ABRUZZI DAM ON THE WEBI SHEBELI: This forms part of an extensive irrigation scheme to aid cotton growing and is named after the famous royal pioneer, who was a cousin of the present King Victor Emmanuel and was greatly interested in the development of Italian Somaliland. The Duke died just over two years ago

IN THE WEBI SHEBELI COUNTRY: A prosperous pastoral region near the great river which flows through the province of Ogaden and finally dries up near the coast in the extreme south of Italian Somaliland

ON THE DESOLATE BENADIR COAST: An aerial view of the Italian Air Force camp at Mogadishu, the principal town of Italian Somaliland, which General Graziani has made his headquarters while preparing for the invasion of Southern Abyssinia

The Valleys of the Juba and Webi Shebeli form a remarkable contrast to the plains we have been describing. Here are slow-moving rivers, their banks swampy and overgrown with ubiquitous thorn-trees and scrub, and these same forests will be found, more or less scattered, for thirty miles or more on either side of the main stream. It is in these valleys that game abounds, but so do poisonous insects, mosquitoes, and ticks. These latter are a pest to be found also in the open grassland, and travellers of experience are careful to look themselves over, even after an hour's rest in the grass, to remove perhaps fifty or more ticks which have fastened on their clothes or their arms and legs before the insects have been able to bury themselves in the flesh. Once buried they are not easy to remove, and the bite is apt to inflame into a troublesome sore, to say nothing of the loss of blood, day after day, which makes hard marching and heavy physical exertion very trying.

It is apparent that marching columns of troops and followers advancing from Benadir towards Harar and Addis Ababa will encounter difficulties of terrain and climate, and in addition, the conformation of the foothills and rising lands behind them offer many excellent defensive positions, which the Ethiopians will certainly take advantage of to delay the enemy's direct advance northwards, whilst considerable bodies of fast moving and hardy warriors, recruited in the southern provinces of Kafa, Bako, and Boran, move along the Kenya border towards Dolo and Lugh, preparatory to striking at the invader's lengthening line of communications, and possibly aiming at raids into Benadir and to the Italian base at Mogadishu.

Colonel S. L. Cra'ster.

WAITING FOR MOTHER: An albatross chick in its nest on a cliff ledge at Kerguelen, the lonely island lying in the Southern Ocean midway between the Cape of Good Hope and Western Australia, where so many different species of sea birds congregate during the breeding season. This picture was taken by Captain Frank Hurley, official photographer of the B.A.N.Z. Antarctic Research Expedition in *Discovery II*

THE KING OF SEA BIRDS

Albatross on Kerguelen Island

Another camera study by Captain Hurley showing a sooty albatross alighting on its nest on the cliffs of Kerguelen. Apart from its splendid plumage and graceful form, it is the swiftest and most tireless flyer of all sea birds, the way it follows ships for days on end without resting on the water being familiar to many travellers

A BARN OWL OUT HUNTING

BIRDS OF
FEA

New Water-Colou
by Winifred A

The Cormorant or "I

Up Satan Flew and
Sat like a Cormoran

Be you any sort of sea-
man
You'll have seen along
the coast,
A solitary demon
On a solitary post.
Then, maybe, your Mr.
Mate, an
Apt young man, says,
like a knife,
"There sits Mr. Mil-
ton's Satan,
Just as on the Tree o'
Life."

The pictures on these two pages and the accompanying notes are taken from "Birds Ashore and Birds A-Foreshore," a new ornithological work by Patrick Chalmers, illustrated in water colour and black and white by Winifred Austen, R.I., R.E. The book is published by Messrs. Collins, of Pall Mall.

THE white owl's titles are derivative. He is white because of his white face and breast, but of course he must never be confused with the snowy owl. He is Screech because his weird, harsh scream is as ghostly a thing as one may wish to hear o'nights in the lone places. He is Puss-in-the-wall because (I suppose) when he sits solemn in some niche of belfry masonry or beam and hisses softly at an intruder, he suggests a kitten in a corner who defies a mastiff. And he is Barn because, loathing the light of day he haunts, diurnally, barns, belfries, and ruined castles. He is noiseless-winged, not, I think, because the vole in the grass might hear him, but rather that he may hear the tiny movement of the vole, who brushes his whiskers, and that he may fall upon the sound of it. The white owl is not over common in Scotland, where the tawny owl is so numerous, and the presence of a specimen in the ruins of Invermark Castle a lifetime ago gave rise to the legend of "the ghost of Invermark," which was finally laid (as related by Mr. Inglis in, of all little books, a little book of Indian sporting lyrics called *Tirhoot Rhymes*) by two students from Aberdeen University and a bottle of whisky. But not before one of the gallant pair had been badly scared by the "wild, unearthly" cry of this northern Strix Flammea.

* * *

He is a maligned bird, the cormorant. Milton, from the cold summits of poetry, has compared him to Satan, he is a very proverb in greed (which is only healthy appetite) and the gods have given him a reptilian appearance, an eye as cold and sea-green as a neap tide, and the face of a fossil.

As an example in prejudice I will quote what Mr. Warner has written of the "Isle of Wight Parson" in his *History of the Isle of Wight:* "It builds in, and inhabits the immense precipices of Freshwater, for the better part of the year. Here the lonely savage is on the perpetual watch for prey; tortured with unquenchable hunger, occasioned by a multitude of worms which inhabit his inside and, like the dogs in Milton's *Sin*, would make his bowels their repast, did he not supply their voracity by unceasing repletion. For this purpose, the miserable glutton is seen continually diving after the fish, which his piercing eye can discern at a great depth in the water; or perched on some solitary elevation, enjoying a temporary respite from labour and the attacks of his internal enemies. During these moments of idleness and ease, he is often seated on a lofty tree; a situation somewhat singular for a water-fowl, and of which, indeed (according to the observation of Aristotle), the cormorant alone, of all birds of that class, makes use. Nature seems to have intended a check upon human gluttony by rendering those quadrupeds and birds, which are most remarkable for an intemperate indulgence of the appetite, the most hateful and offensive. The cormorant is a proof of this, than which no other bird is more voracious in feeding, nor, at the same time, more detestable in smell, or disgusting in manners."

Colonel Hawker, too, detested cormorants, and from Keyhaven he made frequent expeditions to the Needles or to Freshwater, for the sole purpose of shooting them, or, as he has it, of "lowering a parson or so." He has left it on record that the "reverend devourers" are difficult birds to kill, both on account of their wariness

A CORMORANT ON

F DIFFERENT ATHER

lour Studies of Bird Life
Austen, R.I., R.E.

"Isle of Wight Parson"

and on the Tree of Life
orant—Paradise Lost

And says you, "And not inept I'll
Say in sum's his simile,
But although the thing looks reptile—
Oh, as serpent as can be,
Folk who know things as they are, son,
From the Nore to Lizard Light,
Say that devil is a parson,
And he hails from Isle o' Wight."

A BITTERN MAKING OFF

ON THE LOOK-OUT

and on account of the quantity of lead required to "lower" them. There was not the slightest reason then, nor is there now, to harry the coastwise cormorant or his cousin, the shag, because all the cormorants and shags that ever were could not, though they fished all tides, affect sea-fishery to any practical degree.

It is a different story, of course, when a cormorant (he is a traveller, and he has been reported in the Midlands, whereas the shag never leaves salt water) goes inland to some artificially-stocked stream. There he may be an unmitigated nuisance, and then he must, I fear, pay the penalty.

The day on which these words were written I watched a cormorant, an immature bird, fishing Mapledurham Weir pool on the middle Thames above Reading. He was extremely confiding, and came out to dry himself on the Conservancy's coping and within fifteen yards of me. I hinted that the sea was a safer place for cormorants than a preserved water, and I left him to think it over.

* * *

Mr. Potter's collection of the unpublished works of Aesop contains the following: "Once, subsequent to a previous refusal, the Fox again invited the Bittern to dine. 'It is,' said he, 'your family tradition to be unsociable, but surely you will not refuse a second time?' 'Once Bittern twice shy,' replied the misanthropic bird and it retired to its retreat."

For it is true that the bittern is a shy bird and semi-nocturnal. "It proceeds," says Mr. Macgillivray, "in a hideling manner." But the bittern's voice is flatly contradictory to its habits. The bittern suggests, slightly, a hermit in his grot who says vespers through a megaphone. The name implies the same, for bittern is a corruption of the Botaurus of Linnaeus, who derived it from *boatum tauri*, which means the bellowing of a bull.

The bittern is a tradition of the Broads, that wonderful and fascinating land. If it goes elsewhere it goes, as a rule, to be shot. The bittern is a large bird to see, even though it owes some of its bulk to its feathers. Its flights are slow, as ill-sustained as are those of a jack snipe, gentle and owl-like, and as it flies it carries its head and legs as does a heron. It is therefore as easy to hit as a flying haystack. It sits, moreover, as closely as the most exacting gunman could ask, crouchingly it sits with its bill, as the horn of a unicorn, pointing rather comically upwards.

I have stood within a yard of a wanderer bittern, cogitating so among the reeds of a Thames eyot, and even then it did not rise. This bird is the only bittern that I have ever seen on the Thames, where no doubt it was once not uncommon. It stayed on that islet below Cleeve Weir for the better part of a week-end, and, though its privacy was strictly respected, it delayed no later than the Sunday's evensong. A quaint, uncouth, brown bird, it assimilated well with the October sedges and the dim Thames day.

The bittern, when it was common, was a table dish (and a "company" dish, moreover) among the many which to-day we should see with surprise. Sir Thomas Browne damns the bittern as a dinner course with the faint praise that prefers it to the heron. At Bolton Abbey it is among the game birds and wildfowl which Sir Edwin Landseer sends to my Lord Abbot's larder. Its flesh is said to be brown and indelicate.

The bittern could at no time have been a means of sport. It could have been, and probably it was, knocked over by the goshawk, but no falconer would have off-hooded his peregrine on so poor an excuse, so feeble a flyer. Yet doubtless a bittern, billed and snake-necked, was as dangerous a bird when "down" as even the dangerous heron. It was probably shot with the cross-bow, a fine distinction when one recalls that law forbade the killing of a heron by any means other than the falcon or the long-bow.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
Adds lustre to this unassuming feast;
Within these oysters, pearls may glow unseen,
And Guinness gleams with rubies
(from the yEast).

GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR OYSTERS—GOOD FOR YOU

G.E. 479.

Mainly Personal

PUTTING THEIR BACKS INTO IT: Mr. Leslie Hore-Belisha, the Minister of Transport, assisted by Alderman Blaker, Mayor of West Ham, and Alderman J. P. Schoulding as he opened new lock gates at Stratford, which form part of a £600,000 scheme designed to relieve a section of the Lea Valley from flooding and to give to industrial London more navigable waterways

THE BOY AMBASSADOR CONSULTS A POLICEMAN: Ten-year-old John Kennedy who is making a good-will tour of Ireland as a representative of the U.S.A. He is wearing the outfit of Irish tweed presented to him by the Mayor of Dublin

A MUSICAL MONGREL: Stanelli practising on his remarkable new instrument which he calls the Stanellophone and which is a combination piano and xylophone, the keys of the former also operating the hammers of the latter. So far only two have been made

AMERICA'S MUCH DISCUSSED HEIRESS: Twelve-year-old Gloria Vanderbilt pictured at Piping Rock Horse Show, New York. She still sees her mother once a week, but, in accordance with the legal decision, remains in the custody of her aunt, Mrs. Whitney

DIFFERENT WALKS OF LIFE: *Left*—Heidi Oberholzer, a nineteen-year-old Swiss air hostess who has been coming to Croydon every day for the past six months, but, strangely enough, has yet to see the sights of London. *Centre*—The Right Hon. Sir Leslie Scott, K.C., who has been appointed a Lord Justice of Appeal, leaving for the House of Lords where he was recently sworn-in by the Lord Chancellor. Sir Leslie who was educated at Rugby and Oxford, was Solicitor-General in 1922, and from 1910 to 1929 was M.P. for the Liverpool Exchange Division. *Right*—Yvonne Bouvier, whose singing at the Ritz is proving a great attraction

PRE-PRODUCTION PUBLICITY: Noel Coward rehearsing Gertrude Lawrence and other members of the cast for his new show, *To-night at 8.30*. It is this type of picture that the press agent circulates to the newspapers to arouse interest before a play's first night

The Gentle Art of Ballyhoo

How the Mighty Barnum Taught the World the Value of Publicity, and Introduced Methods of Showmanship that are still Followed To-day

By CHARLES GRAVES

BALLYHOO is as much a product of the United States as was Barnum who first invented it. There are evidently several kinds—political, social, and other varieties. Here I propose to deal purely with the ballyhoo of the theatre. This is the least understood and the worst paid art in Great Britain. In America millions of dollars are paid for services in creative news which in England are rewarded with only a few hundred pounds. Theatres live on publicity, and yet very few theatrical managers realise this. What they do is to hire a "press representative." Nobody knows what this means, for the "press representative" is not a member of the Press and cannot consequently represent it. His job is to get publicity, and as a rule every possible obstacle is put in his way. He is allowed to spend little or no money, and he is practically never allowed expenses. His salary, moreover, is remarkably small. £10 a week is a good average. Several press agents accept £5 a week, some offer their services even for 3 guineas.

Several theatres only pay for their ballyhoo merchants for two weeks before a show begins and a fortnight afterwards. They forget that it is after the show has begun, and not before, that the value of the press representative is greatest. Some theatre managers very properly employ the press representative for the whole run of the play. I am very sorry for the P.R. There is always trouble about the first-night seats. The P.R. is always told by the management that he is giving away too many.

The P.R. is always blamed for a failure. It is never the play nor the cast nor the theatre which is at fault. According to the backers it is always because there has not been enough publicity. One of his chief troubles is that he has to "put over" actors and actresses of whom there is nothing new to be said. News about the theatre is the last that an editor wants and is the first to be cut out. The P.R. is never supplied with enough photographs. The actors and actresses never seem to have any of their own. Theatre managers blame the P.R. if there are bad notices. If, however, there are good notices he is told he is not wanted because the play is a success.

It is only in the United States that the art of ballyhoo is properly understood. Barnum taught them. "It does not matter what they say if they mention your name," was his famous dictum. Look at the case of Jumbo. Jumbo was the biggest elephant in captivity and lived in the Zoological Gardens in London, Barnum bought him for his circus in America. The mere idea of the sale caused an outcry in the British Press. This, of course, was engineered by Barnum himself. The newspapers were full of protests to the effect that it would be a national disgrace if Jumbo, the favourite of the public, were sold for cash to an American showman. Even *The Times* fell for it and published a leader on the subject. In *Punch* a special series of articles appeared by Arthur Sketchley.

Meantime, Barnum, in addition to buying Jumbo, bought the takings of the Zoological Gardens for the last week of Jumbo's residence. He then advertised the exact day of Jumbo's intended departure. Regent's Park was packed. A pantechnicon and a wooden plank duly appeared. Jumbo was led out of his enclosure, and amid a grieving silence he started to walk up the plank. He had only put one foot on when, however, he refused to go a step farther. The huge crowds hailed this as an omen. The papers were full of it next morning, and still more people collected to see Jumbo depart. Again he refused. This went on for a week. When public interest could no longer be sustained, Jumbo walked up the plank as quietly as you please. Years later Barnum explained that a special electrical arrangement had given Jumbo a slight shock when he put his foot on the plank. On the last day, of course, this was turned off.

It may be remembered that Barnum ran the American Museum in New York. He had a live whale—advertised as the only one in captivity—which he kept in a tank on the top of the building. It lived for fourteen days. Then another one was substituted. It took two days to haul the whale up with cranes, and thousands watched it. Newspapers ran stories. This went on every fortnight for several weeks, for Barnum had a contract with a whaling company to keep him supplied. He realised that the ballyhoo value was in lifting the whale up in the crane rather than exhibiting it when it was in the tank.

It was Barnum also who used to employ elephants to plough furrows along railway tracks, but none of these brilliant experiments in the art of ballyhoo were shown in the American film exhibited last year.

Not long ago an American ballyhoo merchant who was booming a new film had a real lion brought to his hotel. It got out. There was a huge story. It was then driven back by the gallant ballyhoo merchant. The lion was very old and only too glad to return to its cage.

American methods are no good over here. They were tried only once when a detachment of troops was persuaded somehow or another to escort a film called *The Spectre of the Obera House* across London. When the story leaked out the result was disastrous, for the picture was banned.

Lions always figure in publicity. A certain actress sent for her ballyhoo merchant recently and said that she wished for a boost. This was a bit tricky. She had done everything. The ballyhoo merchant told her that the only thing left was for her to go into a lion's cage and be photographed. For being photographed in a lion's cage is the last card in the pack. He thought this would damp her enthusiasm for publicity. It did not. She agreed to the ordeal. The ballyhoo merchant then had to find a lion. He knew of a harmless one, but it was up in Liverpool. Finally he took her to the Zoo in London. She was duly photographed, and of the two the lion was the more frightened.

A different kind of trick was employed to advertise a fish shop in Piccadilly. Dozens of crates of lobsters were in a van drawn up outside. By some peculiar misfortune the crates dropped, and live lobsters crawled all over the pavement. Each bore a label advertising the shop. Traffic was stopped. Passers-by picked up the lobsters, and got badly nipped for their pains. How much good this did the shop is dubious.

To advertise a play called *Ring Up* a hundred sandwichmen were employed to patrol the streets. On top of each of their sandwich boards was an old-fashioned shop bell on a C-spring. The din was deafening. Horses shied. People ran out of shops. The procession had gone barely a quarter of a mile when the police interfered.

One of the most successful bits of ballyhoo in advertising a London play was the employment of a trained nurse in front of the theatre where *Dracula* was performed. The mere sight of the nurse caused people to feel scared, and there was an average of forty cases of fainting a night. On the 200th performance each member of the audience was given as a souvenir a sealed envelope containing a book. On the outside was a warning, "Do not open this until you get home." No one obeyed the instructions, and as soon as they opened the envelope out flew a small mechanical bat and buzzed wildly round in the air. People screamed and fainted and lodged complaints. They were, however, referred to the warning on the cover of the book.

Another piece of ballyhoo concerned Billy Merson and Reginald Sharland. It was given out that they would play a golf marathon for £100 a side from the Shaftesbury Theatre to Nottingham. Interest was so great that every newspaper took it up. Finally the police forbade it because of the danger to shop windows and passers-by.

Another instance of successful ballyhoo was the hiring of a Black Maria which was driven all round London to advertise Grand Guignol. To ballyhoo another play two men drove round the suburban shopping centres with a movie camera. Every now and then they stopped, and one wound the handle. Everyone tried to get in range of the camera. Leaflets (known as throw-aways) were distributed, and the car disappeared.

The theft of actresses' jewels was a stock piece of ballyhoo in the days before press agents. Press agents only first came into notice during the war. Nowadays no one believes the jewel robbery story. Quite recently a famous star had a genuine loss of jewellery running into thousands of pounds, but no newspaper would print it. They did not believe it. It was another case of "wolf, wolf."

Yes, the life of a P.R. is not an easy one. He is always at work. He can never leave the end of the telephone. He is rung up at all hours of the night. He must possess great tact, variety of knowledge, and an ability to write in the same idiom as theatrical journalists so that they can use his stuff with the least effort.

One P.R. wrote a notice in a Sunday paper of the very show he was representing. He did this to help out a critic who wanted to get away for the week-end. The play got bad notices all round, but the P.R.'s notice was far the worst of the lot. The show ran four nights.

Another clever piece of theatrical ballyhoo was worked in connection with *Here Comes the Bride* at the Piccadilly Theatre. Over 2,000 taxi drivers on the night shift were invited to the dress rehearsal. This denuded London of drivers that evening, with the consequent queries as to their whereabouts. The drivers, moreover, boosted the show for weeks to their clients.

To-day the average theatre spends £120 a week in acquainting the public with a play. £60 of this is absorbed by newspaper advertisements, and the rest goes in printing, posters, electrical signs, sandwichmen, and the P.R. But the P.R. is lucky if he covers expenses. Unless a play runs three months he probably loses money. There is one happy exception of a ballyhoo merchant who really did make real cash. He went to the management of a play which seemed doomed to failure and persuaded them to put him on percentage instead of giving him a salary. That play was *Journey's End*, and it ran nearly three years.

SKETCHING in the AUTUMN

ACROSS THE LAKE IN ST. JAMES'S PARK: Two art students catching the reflections in the still waters of the lake, the Royal parks are particularly paintable in the autumn

A PLEASANT CORNER AT ST. IVES: This picturesque Cornish fishing port is full of subjects for the visiting sketcher's board, as well as for the canvases of the professional art colony

IN A SUSSEX GARDEN: Mr. Claude Muncaster has been busy in Sir Arthur Balfour's garden at Fernhurst; gardens are by no means the easiest of subjects, especially in water-colour medium

UNTROUBLED BY THE INQUISITIVE: Getting the composition right is a vital stage in the making of a successful picture; this artist is pondering the problem at Trumpets Hill near Reigate

THE TEST OF THE GALLERY: Some cannot work at all if overlooked by a number of critical eyes; a temperament which can be oblivious to such disturbing influences is a very welcome possession

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW: A pretty problem in light and shade is before the artist, to get the warmth of these old walls of Bodiam Castle under both conditions will test out many a brush

The effects of autumn are among the most beautiful of the year and at the same time are most tantalising to the painter in water-colours. The harshness of summer has given place to misty nuances, and a wonderful warmth of colouring. But the effects are fleeting; the golden hours are rare and have to be seized when they come. One must cheerfully face the dangers of dank grass if one is to dash in anything of that wonderful sunrise, and to catch those pearly morning lights; everything must be in readiness, for they wait for no artist; they just vanish with the sun and the early lorries

FOR STUDENTS OF STAGE HISTORY: A section of the gallery at the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington, where M. J. Landa is holding an exhibition of theatrical posters which is attracting great attention. Dudley Hardy, Hassall, Norman Wilkinson, the Beggarstaff Brothers, and Aubrey Beardsley are among the outstanding artists represented

DRAMA

Marion Lorne Provides Agreeable Entertainment: James Bridie's Free and Easy Comedy

Reviewed by
PHILIP PAGE

THE Orient Express takes a long time to speed across Europe, and the first act of Mr. Walter Hackett's play, *Espionage*, took a long time to impress its purport on the minds of the Apollo Theatre audience. Also, as even expensive trains sometimes do, it creaked and rattled a bit. But it was vastly entertaining, as always, to see Miss Marion Lorne being attractively stupid in some new predicament. This time she is a blameless lady who is mistaken for a spy, and who is terrified by a secret service agent into pretending that he is her husband and sharing the sleeping compartment (it was only playing cards which kept them most innocently awake) and the passport. A man is found shot; a beautiful baroness is in distress; the car-attendant, really a detective, is in a disguise; Mr. Frank Cellier, some sort of politician, is in great danger; and Mr. Eric Maturin is, of course, in an infernally bad temper.

Across some Ruritanian frontier most of the passengers are put under arrest, and Miss Lorne and her supposed husband are guarded by a bovine sentry with a Harry Tate moustache, under whose very eyes (and moustache) she helps her partner to escape. Mr. Maturin comes in for a moment, angrier than ever. In the last act I dropped all attempt to unravel the plot, which the company gave the impression of making up as they went along. It went from grave to gay and from lively to the less lively, while Mr. Maturin went off the deep end in an ungovernable paroxysm of rage and eventually, as far as I could gather, went to prison, where I trust they gave him a soothing dose of bromide.

Mr. Hackett has written better plays than this and much more tidy ones. But if you do not take revolutionary plottings and shootings any more seriously than, apparently, the author takes them, and if you concentrate on the amusing ditherings of Miss Lorne you should spend an agreeable evening. Miss Lorne long ago found the brand of performance to suit her public and she and Mr. Hackett know all there is to know about developing it and keeping it at a high level.

Miss Jeanne Stuart had little to do beyond display tresses and distresses (all exceedingly becoming) and to look beautiful; which is a pity, for she can also act. Mr. Edwin Styles was as calm, cool, and collected as a secret service agent should be, and his passion for Miss Lorne, revealed as the curtain fell, might have been a surprise to those who do not know this play's predecessors. Miss Bettie Browning and Miss Ronda Keane both made minor parts stand out by their cleverness and charm; Mr. Frank Cellier, always sound in any situation and period, was particularly good in the train; and Mr. J. H. Roberts passed from one guise to another with an easy aloofness.

"The Black Eye."—*The Black Eye*, with which Mr. C. B. Cochran returns to the Shaftesbury Theatre (where, some few years ago, he produced a musical comedy) has in it many of the elements which normally make me detest and sicken at a play and retire, growling, to bar or bed after one act. It is "pawky"—the author says it isn't and I am not too clear what "pawky" means, but I stick to it that it *is* "pawky." It is whimsical—vastly whimsical; portions of it are rather like Mr. Noel Coward burlesquing Sir James Barrie.

I am not at all certain that in spots it is not "fey." The young hero is distinctly "fey" at times and when he stepped before the curtain and interrupted the actress to explain to the audience what was going on in his mind he seemed about to ask us whether we believed in fairies. Then we would have had to clap our hands like anything and bring the murdered man to life; only no one was murdered although the author did eliminate two of his most interesting characters before the play had fairly begun.

And yet—*The Black Eye* is one of the most amusing comedies I have seen for a long time and should rival in length of run Mr. Cochran's successful musical productions, for all that it has not a note of music in it, unless one reckons a Scots opportunist who was doing something with bagpipes when I emerged. If Mr. Cochran, himself, surely, with Scots blood in him—was, as it were, feeling his way with a play by the Scots doctor who is known as James Bridie before scaling the awful Olympian heights of presenting a play by Barrie in the near future, the process has been amply justified.

This is a more free-and-easy piece of work than the author's *The Sleeping Clergyman* and *The Anatomist*. But there is much more fun in it. Cautiously does Mr. Bridie label it a novelette to disarm constructional criticism. He also assumes at the outset the type of person his central character is, instead of devoting the play to establishing him, thus, as it were, filli-begging the question. But how entertaining it all is. The young man with Bohemian ambitions who has instead to stay in Scotland to look after a bankrupt family business. The dullish elder brother who is in love with the wealthy girl who doesn't love him, but is in love with the younger brother who doesn't love her. The betting and gambling adventures of the hero with an amusing, scoundrelly, and entirely lovable little Jew, brilliantly played by Mr. Ralph Roberts. And the imperturbable Scots mother, shrewd, kind, "pawky" (?), and perfectly acted by Miss Jean Cadell, who has been sent from Heaven or from Scotland to play such parts. And Miss Jill Esmond is a good actress and a "sonsy" (?) lass, though there was no pairing off in love for anybody, so this cannot be a novelette after all.

Mr. Stephen Haggard does not now resemble quite so closely a member of the Sanger family who has wandered on the stage. I like him the better for it. He is a sincere actor, with touches of brilliance, rather "youth-conscious" (which, perhaps, he cannot very well help), but mercifully un-effeminate. Mr. Denys Blakelock played the dull elder brother without being dull—no easy feat.

PLAYWRIGHT, PRODUCER, AND STAGE STAR: Bernard Shaw, C. B. Cochran, and Elisabeth Bergner at the première at the Shaftesbury Theatre of James Bridie's new play, *The Black Eye*, which is reviewed on this page

"A Butterfly on the Wheel."—Any play which can be revived after twenty-four years and provide at any rate fair entertainment, must have its merits, and there are good points in plenty in *A Butterfly on the Wheel*, Mr. E. G. Hemmerde's divorce drama, now at the Playhouse.

Yet, except for the actual court scene, which is photographically excellent, it has not worn well. The first act, with its complications in a Paris hotel, is almost intolerably slow, and so many slicker and more exciting pieces of detective work have been done on the stage since 1911 that I could not find that left-hand writing test, carried out in the last act at great length, other than tedious. Miss Greer Garson gave a sound performance as the innocent and harassed wife. But she must shed some staginess of voice and attitude she is beginning to acquire; also, she is hardly the butterfly type and played some of the scenes with the tragic solemnity of a death's-head moth. Mr. John Stuart, Mr. S. J. Warmington and Miss Mary Merrall, all good. Far and away the best performance was that of Mr. Franklin Dyall.

"Romeo and Juliet."—Mr. John Gielgud's production of *Romeo and Juliet* at the New Theatre has, in addition to many more merits, that of steering a safe middle course between tradition and revolutionary modernity. I do not suspect that he has deliberately played for safety, since never has he lacked courage. But here are no oddities of costume, no Euclidean experiments in scenery, such as are beloved by

(Continued on p. 160)

BRIGHT ENTERTAINMENT AT THE CRITERION: Lucie Mannheim as the film star, and Hugh Millar as the producer in *Nina*, which is proving one of the successes of the autumn season. This is Miss Mannheim's first appearance in the West End

THE SILVER SCREEN

New Films at West End Cinemas—"Joan of Arc," "Barbary Coast," and "She"

IN THE WILD AND LAWLESS WEST: Miriam Hopkins and Frank Craven in *Barbary Coast*, the new Samuel Goldwyn picture which began its run at the London Pavilion on Friday of last week and has as its setting an unruly colony near San Francisco during the gold rush of the early 'fifties of the last century

THE FILM VERSION OF A RIDER HAGGARD ROMANCE: Helen Gahagan as she appears in *She*, the film at the Plaza based on one of the famous novelist's most exciting stories. Sir Rider Haggard died in 1925 and it is probable that during the next few years many of his works will be adapted to the screen, as they are full of action and colourful settings

KATHARINE HEPBURN: The brilliant young star in *Break of Hearts*, her latest picture which was recently shown at the Plaza cinema and, although revealing her artistry, was hardly a worthy vehicle for her talents. *On left*—Miriam Hopkins as "the woman known as Swan" and Edward G. Robinson as the keeper of the crooked gaming-rooms in an episode from Samuel Goldwyn's *Barbary Coast*

A RECRUIT TO BRITISH FILMS: Laura la Plante, one of Hollywood's best known screen personalities, who is now under contract to Warner Brothers at Teddington. Her latest picture will shortly be seen in the West End

AN HISTORICAL EPIC: Joan of Arc (played by Angela Salloker) in the hands of the soldiers before being burnt at the stake in the Market Square at Rouen following her trial on a charge of heresy by an Anglo-Burgundian ecclesiastical tribunal. One of the closing episodes in the German film, *Das Mädchen Johanna*, which had an enthusiastic reception when presented a few days ago at the Curzon Cinema, Mayfair. The photography is excellent, and the settings vividly re-create the atmosphere of the period and form an admirable background for some first-class acting

ART NEWS

ORTON, WESTMORLAND: A delightful canvas by Captain R. C. Sinker at the exhibition of the Army Officers' Art Society which was held recently at the R.B.A. Galleries under the patronage of the Duke of Connaught

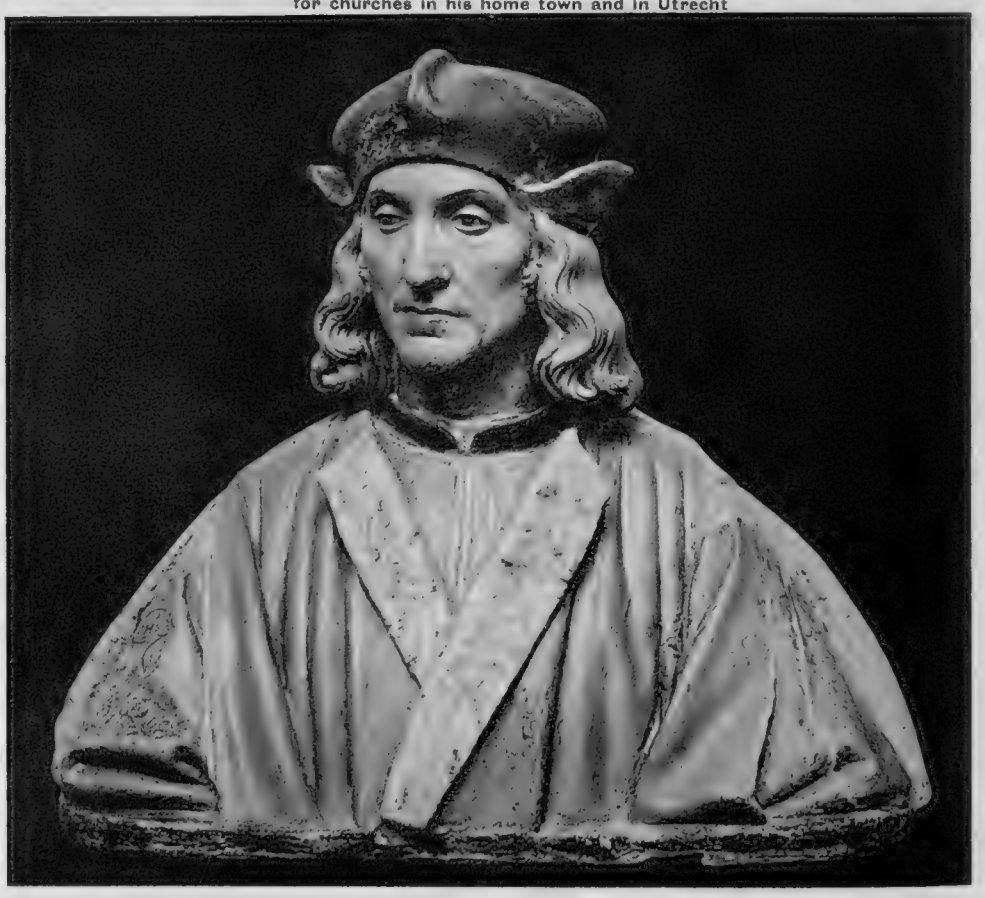
SHAH ALAM'S TOMB, DELHI: One of five works by Major J. F. Batten depicting the architecture of India at the exhibition of the Army Officers' Art Society

Army Officers' Art Society Exhibition

CHAPEL ROCK, PERRANPORTH: A pleasing seascape by Major J. S. Knyvett, late of the Royal Warwickshire Regiment, another prominent soldier artist

THE MASQUERADERS: A water-colour drawing by Michael Rothenstein whose third "one-man-show" in London is now being held at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square. The artist, who is self-taught, is the youngest son of Sir William Rothenstein, for some years Principal of the Royal College of Art, South Kensington. His brother, John Rothenstein, is well known as a writer on artistic subjects

THE EMPEROR CHARLES V AS CHAMPION OF THE FAITH: This portrait of the great European potentate of the sixteenth century, who was temporal head of Christendom, shows him riding on a charger that is trampling upon the prone figure of an infidel king. The picture has just been acquired by the Worcester Art Museum of Worcester, Massachusetts, and is the work of Cornelius Engelbrechsten (1468-1533), an artist of Leyden, who carried out numerous commissions for churches in his home town and in Utrecht



A NOTABLE ACQUISITION: This magnificent painted terracotta bust of Henry VII has recently been purchased by the John Webb Trust for the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington, and, although the evidence as to its authorship is somewhat scanty, it appears to have been the work of an Italian artist practising in England at the beginning of the sixteenth century. Experts state that it bears a striking resemblance to the art of the great Torrigiano who, following his quarrel with Michelangelo and his flight from Florence, came to this country about the year 1508, and later executed the tomb of Henry VII in Westminster Abbey. The powerful face is splendidly modelled, and although the colour and gold-gilt have lost much of their brilliance, the bust on the whole is in remarkably good condition. Two companion busts of Henry VIII and John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester (who was recently canonised in Rome), are at present in a private collection

BENEATH A WARM TOP COAT

Black cloque silk, woven with a tinsel thread, is used for this classic suit, with its link button, and its blouse which has a high looped cravat. The conventional military collar is important in the winter mode

For the country—a brown tweed suit with a very heavy raised white stripe. The coat has high velvet revers, the skirt has a deep inverted pleat at the front, and the sweater is of brown wool

□

For grand occasions—a black velvet dress with very full sleeves, worn with a sleeveless coat in pale blue wool. Almost circular, it has a double row of buttons down the front, and the shoulders are edged with blue fox

□

On the right is the peasant influence which Paris likes so much. The skirt is of black wool, very slender and plain, and the little jacket is white embroidered with red and green. Cap, collar, and gloves are of astrakhan

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

Reviewed by
VERNON FANE

WHAT has come to be known as "the trouble" is not, as I value my head, a subject to joke with Irishmen about. But if the fun dances with the lightest of fantastic feet, and if the Ireland of the story is seen through a poet's eyes, unsmirched by sentimentality, undimmed by twilight, then we may laugh with Lord Dunsany and enjoy to the full Mickey Connor's private war.

UP IN THE HILLS (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) is an unexpected book from Lord Dunsany, whose *Curse of the Wise Woman* was a piece of balanced exquisiteness, tinged with a faint melancholy. For this book is all fun, nor is it fun of the elaborate type we have learned to expect from the creator of Mr. Jorkens.

The President of the newly formed and independent State of Liberissima declares that "Europeans come to this State and dig among our old ruins to find antiques," therefore, he decrees, they must go to Europe to dig for antiques. Off they go to the edge of an Irish bog to dig for an ancient lake dwelling, dressed in top hats and frock coats, with the exception of Umbolulu, who was satisfied with a necklace of bones.

Naturally there soon was a row on the spot, and a grand opportunity for Mickey Connor to start his private war, and once embarked upon that I defy any intelligent reader to desert Mickey until the last shot has been fired.

As for **THE LUCK OF THE BODKINS** (Jenkins. 7s. 6d.) I say, as the legendary gentleman said of beer, there is no bad Wodehouse. There is good Wodehouse, better Wodehouse, and the very best Wodehouse. Somehow or other when we board one of those four-day boats that take six days to New York in the company of Mr. Monty Bodkin, amateur detective, we know we are on to the very best. Nor, when we meet Ikey Llewllyn, film magnate, Reginald Tennyson (whom Ikey fondly imagined was *the* Tennyson who wrote "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck") Ikey's smuggling wife, and Peasemarch the steward, who arglebargles a place straight into the Wodehouse vocabulary, are we likely to be disappointed.

There is only one P. G. Wodehouse; if only he could be stung into the output of an Edgar Wallace.

Of the author of **RHEA** (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) I have already said that he has an original twist of humour and is decidedly a young man to be watched. This is Mr. H. S. Hoff's second novel, always a difficult obstacle for a young writer to surmount. Undoubtedly it is an improvement on his first, and from the moment we set out across Europe with his impudent hero, in the company of a hard-boiled American Miss, our adventures are one long chuckle.

Mr. Hoff's humour has about it a kind of bland unmorality that argues considerable skill; it is quite unlike anything I have met before and, I suppose, like most forms of humour, is very much a matter of taste. Yet such lightness of touch is all too rare nowadays when the novel tends to be a solemn matter of problems. Decidedly Mr. Hoff is a novelist to be read, and if you like him I can safely say you will like him a lot.

One day, while she was visiting the wife of a Norfolk farmer, Miss Lilias Rider Haggard came across a penny exercise book, dog-eared and grimy, and filled with the memories of a lonely old man, the "King of the Norfolk Poachers." Miss Rider Haggard read them, and later, by coaxing and encouraging him, and above all by listening to him, she collected the material for his complete life story. **I WALKED BY NIGHT** (Ivor Nicholson and Watson. 15s.) is entirely the work of this old man; the editing, which mostly consisted of piecing together and arranging scraps of story in their proper sequence, has been done with great understanding by Miss Rider Haggard, and the result is a book among hundreds for vitality and shrewd observation. The temptation, of course, is to quote almost endlessly, for there seems no way as good to give an impression of this delightful book. About the cow who would "emidgetly get up and walk away" if bitten by a hedgehog; the "Eleuminated Owl" about which "some years ago there was a lot of talk," and the mole, to which people used to give "a lot of riverince."

The essence of the book though is in the author's deep knowledge of the country and of animals. I can well believe that he was the king of the poachers; I cannot in fact imagine the animal who could outwit him, or the keeper who could catch him. To have a sense of humour as well seems too good to be true, but it is certainly one of his gifts, and one of his most characteristic. His stories of the many times when he was up before the "maderstrates" are examples of this, and especially the one of the time when he was reproved for not realising that some birds he had killed belonged to other people.

"I told him that I had killed hundreds of pheasants," was his admirable answer, "but never killed one with its name on its tail."

The illustrations by Edward Seago, the Norfolk artist, are as inspired as the book, and that is high praise.

I have a weakness for Byron. By that I do not mean that an appreciation of his work could possibly be called a weakness, but that the insatiable interest one has in his personal life is really a lapse of taste.

At the time when Byron lived, Sydney Smith was, possibly rightly, the acknowledged wit of London dinner-tables, and the vast difference of quality between this hearty cleric and Byron is pointed, very satisfactorily in my opinion, by Byron's own comment—"the loudest wit I e'er was deafened with."

The latest addition to the book shelves of the poet's admirers will be **BYRON: THE YEARS OF FAME** (Faber & Faber. 15s.), by Mr. Peter Quennell, an agreeably written, and often amusing account of the years between 1812 and 1815, when, after the publication of *Childe Harold*, Byron was not only the fashion but the rage of London. The interminable controversy over Byron's relations with his half-sister, Augusta Leigh, is opened again, but with no fresh conclusions, and the only novelty is an engaging chapter on "His relations with the middle-class public," in which extracts from what would now probably be called his fan mail, are given, and commented.

Byron as the fashionable young exquisite and Byron as the literary lion of London we know, but here is Byron from the point of view of a "devout but insolvent gentleman, temporarily established at Boulogne-sur-Mer," who wrote to the poet as one who had "mourned and maddened where now you weep and writhe," or through the eyes of a young lady "of deservedly unsullied fame" who sent him an exhaustive, and highly moral, questionnaire.

"It was the property of Byron's feminine genius that, between the author and his readers, it should set up a relation so peculiarly personal that every man or woman who succumbed to his verse enjoyed the pleasing belief that he or she alone had the privilege of understanding Childe Harold's sorrows, and that only the force of circumstance had kept them apart."

If Mr. Quennell does not give a particularly revelatory study of Byron's character, he has at least contributed a book of charm and feeling to the more readable works on the life of a great poet.

More Byron stories come from Mr. John Gore's book, **NELSON'S HARDY AND HIS WIFE** (John Murray. 10s. 6d.), which is principally concerned with the observations and life of the spirited Lady Hardy.

It was in Genoa that Lady Hardy came to know Byron well, though she had often met him in London in pre-Waterloo days. To her he confided his domestic troubles; he had at this time just parted from his wife, that "Princess of Parallelograms," and was leading "a strange life with his friend, Mr. Bysshe Shelley, the Poet," and she listened with a sympathetic ear.

The greater part of the book consists of extracts from Lady Hardy's diary and letters, which, in spite of reading rather like an Almanach de Gotha, have amusing glimpses of contemporary life, or at least, of contemporary life in that limited and exalted circle.

"On the 14th I went to the Villa Floridici, the Villa belonging to the King of Naples' Second Wife, the Comtesse Santa Floridici. She had two Lions in the Garden which were allowed to roam about . . . luckily they were not loose when we went there."

References to Sir Thomas Hardy are comparatively few and oddly distant. An entry for June 6 reads "Sir Thomas attained the rank of Admiral," and immediately goes on to discuss a tea party of Swiss friends. The picture of Nelson's Hardy is of a strict and unsociable man, whose whole interest lay in his devotion to the navy.

LADY HARDY IN MIDDLE AGE: A portrait from John Gore's new book, *Nelson's Hardy and His Wife*, which has just been published by John Murray and is partly derived from the hitherto unpublished journals and correspondence of Lady Seaford. The author, whose last book, *Creevey's Life and Times*, had such an excellent reception, is building up a great reputation as a writer on historical subjects

Many books and many plays have been written about the lost Dauphin, the little son of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, who survived his parents' deaths, but whose own death has always remained a mystery.

It has remained all the more a mystery because, for years after the death of the king and queen, there were continual claimants to the title, whose evidence was all conflicting, and who appeared, with more or less plausible stories, from every quarter of Europe, and even from America.

To illustrate this point, Mr. Meade Minnigerode has opened his biography of the little prince, **THE SON OF MARIE ANTOINETTE** (Jarrolds. 18s.) with three epitaphs, one from the archives of the Temple in Paris, one from a tombstone at Delft in Holland, and one from a tombstone at Gleize, a French village, all purporting to refer to Louis Charles, the son of Louis XVI, and variously dated 1795, 1845 and 1853!

Mr. Minnigerode offers no new solution, but he has written a very readable book, and has set forth, more lucidly than most of the biographers of this unhappy little boy, the events of his short childhood, and all that is known of him during his imprisonment in the Temple Tower.

DON JOHN OF AUSTRIA (Ivor Nicholson & Watson. 15s.) more scholarly in tone, but equally readable. Unlike the little Dauphin, Don John has only rarely been the subject of books or poems. Mr. G. K. Chesterton's verses are one of the exceptions, and this book of Mr. George Slocombe another.

Here is a hero on really epic lines. Don John was known while he was still young as the victor of Lepanto, a great battle which took place some years earlier than the Armada, and which was of far greater significance in world history. After this triumph, Don John seemed to have the world at his feet. He was offered crowns, armies, wealth, and empires. His half-brother, Philip of Spain was the most powerful man in Europe. Don John preferred another life, a life in which "boundless ambition" was finally to lose him his life at the age of forty. His plan was to release Mary Queen of Scots from prison, and to share the throne of England with her, and to him this was as much an adventure of chivalry, as of pride.

Mr. Slocombe writes well, and tersely, and his portrait of this magnificent yet pathetic figure is really impressive.

"The point about Dwight Morrow" writes Mr. Harold Nicolson "is that, while representing the perfected type of American, he also became a model for the completely civilized man. It is thus justifiable to approach him from a human, or universal, rather than from a national, or particular point of view."

DWIGHT MORROW (Constable. 18s.) is, in a sense, a supplementary volume to Mr. Nicolson's trilogy on diplomacy, Lord Carnock, Peace-making, and Curzon, The Last Phase. The author apologises, as an Englishman, that he should be writing the biography of a distinguished American, but gives as his excuse, or rather, as his explanation, that Morrow was more than that. His brilliance was more universal, and his culture wider.

If there were, Mr. Nicolson seems to suggest with exquisite tact, something even finer than a great American, then it is Dwight Morrow, and that has been the inspiration for his book. I imagine that Mr. Nicolson would find it difficult to write a dull book, and the field of his culture lying close at home, I hope it is from there he has chosen his next subject.

* * *

At the height of the autumn publishing season it is well-nigh impossible for one reviewer, if he be conscientious, to cope with the flood of new books. The following short criticisms are therefore intended to give an idea of the varying merits of some of the volumes that THE SPHERE'S reviewer, Vernon Fane, has not been able to deal with.

A book that commands particular attention is Harry J. Greenwall's **ROUND THE WORLD FOR NEWS** (Hutchinson. 16s.) which, as the title suggests, is an account of a journalist's experiences as a foreign correspondent. Mr. Greenwall has had a thrilling career and, perhaps a little breathlessly, we follow him to Japan, Russia, India, Turkey, and the United States, as he recounts dramatic incidents and introduces us to some of the personalities who have played their part in the history of the first

(Continued on p. 158)

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ON WITH *the* SHOW

A Last Look Round at Olympia

THE MOTORISTS' MECCA: A view of the crowded stands and their glistening exhibits

ROYAL INAUGURATION: H.R.H. the Prince of Wales delivering his speech on Thursday of last week when he referred to the notable increase of power for the same price in many of the models on view this year

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

THOSE motorists who have now been to Olympia and have seen the Show will, I am sure, agree that it is one of the most interesting automobile exhibitions that the world has ever seen. The terrific crowds provide the evidence, if any were needed, that motoring gets more and more popular every year. It is an extraordinary fact that in spite of repressive legislation more often than not hastily introduced, the powers that be fail to lessen this popularity. It may be, of course, that if they had not seen fit to try and stifle motoring its hold on the people of this country would have been still greater.

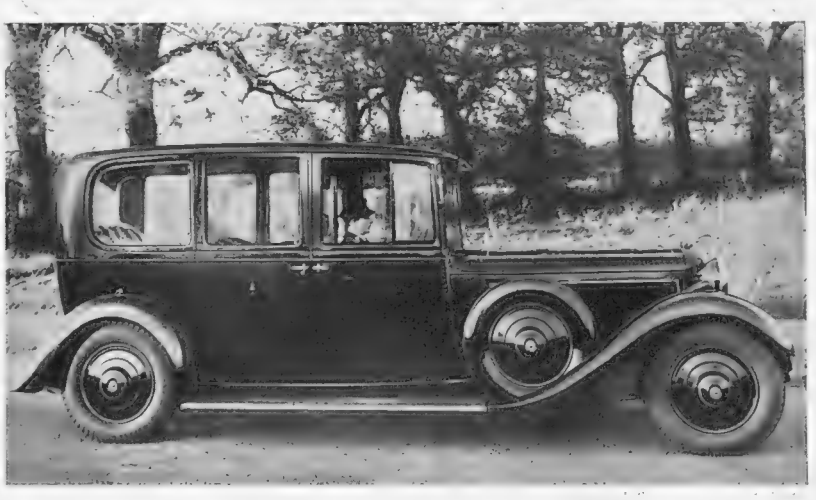
In past years visitors to Olympia have been able to see all that interested them in a matter of four or five hours, but this year I have met people who have been to the exhibition on two days and have announced their intention of putting in a third visit, even if it is on October 26. They have found this absolutely necessary because there is not a dull stand in the buildings.

There is no doubt that the reason for this unusual interest is the almost universal attempt to make motoring more comfortable. On the mechanical side, car manufacturers have tackled this problem by giving us independent front-wheel springing. Some people might think that this development was only thought of in order to produce a talking point, and that in a few years' time the pendulum will swing back to the ordinary semi-elliptic suspension, front and rear. However, when a firm, such as Rolls-Royce Limited, shows a chassis with this type of springing it may safely be assumed that it is a safe and lasting improvement. Strange as it may seem to those who have not studied the matter very carefully, the improved springing in the front of the car gives the greatest benefit to the passengers in the rear seats. With, what one may term, the orthodox design, the front springs have to be shorter and stiffer than the designer would wish if he were calculating their dimensions solely to provide comfort.

Truth is that these semi-elliptic springs have to perform other duties, such as resisting the tendency of the front axle to displace itself when the front wheel brakes are applied. With independent suspension, the springs only carry out the task of smoothing out the road shocks, which would otherwise be transmitted to the occupants of a car, and so are designed for this one purpose. Independent front springing is not a new development, for long before the war there were cars built incorporating this design. It is, therefore, a revival, and this time it will undoubtedly last, because automobile designers are now able to overcome the slight disadvantages which were previously present.

Olympia has revealed, likewise, an almost universal attempt on the part of manufacturers to give the occupants of the car greater width of seating and more comfortable springing in the seats themselves. In connection with the latter development I would like to make mention of the Vauxhall method of horizontal coil springs in the actual seat.

Another feature fairly common at Olympia is the pushing forward of the engine so that the radiator is fitted ahead of the front axle. The disposition of the power unit allows all the passengers to be seated between the axles, and this obviously provides them with greater riding comfort. I cannot say that this tendency improves the appearance of the car, but we are all now getting accustomed to this change, and no doubt in a year or two we shall not consider that the cars are in any way uglier than those built a year or two ago. For all we know, this development may go on until we reach the stage when the engine, as well as the radiator, will be placed ahead of the front axle. We have all seen lorries built to this design, and, although they may look somewhat quaint, we will no doubt become accustomed to it after a few years. In addition to giving greater comfort to the occupants of the car, the driver will find that his car steers better with a full load on board.



BUILT TO THE ORDER OF THE QUEEN: A new Hooper enclosed limousine on a special O.P.R. 30-50-h.p. Daimler chassis. The body is painted in the Royal colours, claret with a vermilion picking-out line. Visitors to Olympia had an opportunity of seeing it on Messrs. Hooper and Company's stand

At the present moment with a car a year or more in age the steering becomes slightly erratic and light when there is a full complement of passengers and the back boot is filled with heavy luggage. Talking of luggage prompts me to say that one or two makers have made determined efforts, judging by their exhibits at Olympia, to provide better accommodation for suitcases. No car owner should ever be asked to carry his luggage on an open grid at the rear. In spite of the efforts made I think that this is a point to which designers will have to pay greater attention in the future.

Although car manufacturers announced their 1936 programme well before Olympia opened, there were a few surprises for visitors when they paid their first visit to the Show. First of all there was the batch of Flying Standards, cars which made the visitor stop and look. They are of streamline form but not exaggerated, and they represent amazing value for money. The Wolseley Company, too, announced a very interesting series of big models, and these in their turn constitute a very interesting exhibit. The Daimler Company have also on view a new model which was announced only a day or two before the opening of the Show.

I have just learnt from Morris Motors, Ltd., that they are erecting a very big extension to their works at Cowley, near Oxford. No doubt they have been prompted to embark upon this programme of expansion by the wonderful reception that their new big models have received. Although they had decided upon this building before Olympia opened they must feel pleased that they made this decision, because the business done at the Show has been so great that nothing short of the extensions they propose to make would have allowed them to give anything like reasonable deliveries of the cars on order.

The Coachbuilding Section by some miracle becomes more popular as each Olympia comes round. The British coachbuilder is certainly the leader of his craft in the world. Motor exhibitions in other countries may show more gaudy and unorthodox specimens of body building than Olympia reveals, but for real solid lasting coachwork the British manufacturer cannot be beaten or even equalled. The coachwork seen on the British cars which were recently exhibited at the Paris Salon caused much favourable comment from the visitors at that exhibition. Walking round the stands at Olympia allotted to the body-builders, one could hear on every side foreigners chatting in their native tongues, and it seemed to me that these visitors spent a great proportion of their time in this section of the Show.

As usual the Motor Boat Section is attracting a tremendous number of visitors. It looks to me as if many motorists were going on the water next year. They are discovering, even if it is a slow process, that the purchaser of a motor boat obtains a terrific lot for his money. Not only is a motor boat a very pleasant form of transport and amusement, but if a cruiser is purchased the owner tours in his house. Unfortunately, in this country we are not well blessed with suitable numerous inland waterways. Probably the best-known place for motor boating is the Broads, but their distance from London and the other big centres of population is slightly too much to allow of regular week-end visits. Lovers of the Thames who remember pre-war days bemoan the fact that this great river is practically deserted compared with what it was twenty-five years ago. The trouble is that since then we have all become motor-minded and do not now take so readily to rowing boats

Motor craft do use the famous waterway but there are so manyrestrictions, which, of course, may be necessary, and the negotiation of the numerous locks is such a slow process that people think twice before buying a motor boat for use on this river. The Thames Conservancy

(Continued on p. 154)

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IN PERFECT TUNE: Miss Jean Conybeare, one of the famous Rhythm Sisters featured by Ambrose and his Orchestra, with her new Standard Twelve

ON WITH THE SHOW

(*Continued from p.* 152)

could do quite a lot to popularise this form of transport and amusement, which would result in pecuniary benefit to themselves. The motor boat builders have done all that they can be expected to do to popularise their products and if only they can get assistance from authorities, such as the Thames Conservancy, there will be a greater number of motor craft owners within the next few years.

No aeroplanes are shown at Olympia but the enterprise of the Ford Motor Company gives visitors to London an opportunity of seeing the latest development in the air which is of special appeal to the private owner. This takes the form of what is known as the "Flying Flea" which is on show at the Ford Exhibition at the Albert Hall. This small aeroplane has a 10-h.p. Ford engine and the cost of the machine is so small that it must bring flying within the reach of a tremendous number of people.

I wonder how many of my readers who have visited Olympia took my advice and paid a certain amount of attention to the accessory exhibits. Whilst I agree that a number of accessories are purely and simply luxury "gadgets," there are others which come under this same heading, and which play a very important part in one's motoring. I am referring to oil, petrol, glass, tyres, etc. They are all invariably taken by the average motorist as a matter of course, and very rarely does one stop to think of the extraordinary amount of research work that is carried out to produce them. They are just as essential to enjoyable motoring as a good motor car, and should, therefore, receive the same attention. Motor cars may be much more pleasing to gaze upon, but then it has been said that beauty is only skin deep.

Let me point out a few stands, which come under the accessory category, and which are of more than usual interest. No new-comer to the Show this year comes better introduced than Esso, the product of the well-known Anglo-American Oil Company. A handsome modern stand (No. 42), almost facing the visitor as he enters the Show from the Hammersmith Road entrance, fittingly presents the Esso and Essolube family. Every person attending the exhibition, whether he or she be the casual visitor or an ardent motorist cannot fail to be interested in Sir Malcolm Campbell's achievement of 301 m.p.h. and the finely executed scale model of his latest "Bluebird," which is on view on this stand, is proving to be one of the minor attractions of the entire Show. The company shipped special Esso Ethyl expressly for Sir Malcolm all the way from England to Utah, a distance of nearly 6,000 miles. For the more serious minded, experts are in attendance on the stand expressly for the purpose of discussing with the enquirer any petrol or lubrication problems he may have.

There is a certain type of motorist who thinks, that by buying cheap oil, he is saving money. He may be paying less for a short while, but after a time he may find that it is a very expensive method of lubrication. Wakefield's, whose patent "Castrol" is a household word, are issuing from their stand in the Service and Garage Equipment section, a booklet entitled *Prevention of Cruelty to Motor Cars*. This is quite an apt title to a brochure which describes modern methods of mechanised lubrication, and for those who like to obtain the best out of their engines it should prove invaluable. On their stand in the Grand Hall Gallery, the Wakefield Company are exhibiting their new range of Patent Castrol engine oils and are distributing a comprehensive range of lubrication wall charts, covering all models of every well-known make, from new cars to obsolete models dating from as far back as 1927.

When one refers to tyres, one invariably thinks of Dunlop. Those motorists who can remember motoring in the early days will appreciate the enormous strides made in the manufacture of tyres since those times, and nowadays they are practically trouble-free; a blessing for which we should be really thankful, but which, owing to the peculiarity of human nature, we are not. Anyway, as I am not discussing human nature, I will revert to the Show. Dunlops have three stands. The one in the Grand Hall Gallery is allocated to tyres, their products covering the service station and garage equipment is found on the ground floor of the Empire Hall, and Dunlop wheels are on a separate stand in the Grand Hall Gallery. As far as the tyres are concerned the central point of the exhibits is the display in Fort and Standard types of the "90." This "90" was introduced this year, and is fitted as standard equipment by the great majority of British car manufacturers, which is a sufficient recommendation in itself.

We are living in the blessed age when everything possible is done to make for safer motoring. Once upon a time glass had the nasty habit of causing injury when forcibly coming into contact with an object, but thanks to such firms as Triplex, that is a hazard of the past. The Triplex Company are exhibiting on their stand in the National Hall both their Safety Glass and what is known as Toughened Glass. Toughened Glass, which was introduced more than two years ago, consists of a single sheet of specially-treated British plate glass and is proof against discoloration, blisters, and similar defects. When broken, it crumbles into small, harmless fragments.

BOUND FOR NEW ZEALAND: Four hundred Morris cars, the largest single consignment ever sent, being loaded on the S.S. *Rangitata* at King George V Dock, London

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Single Suites with hand mirror, hair brush, cloth brush, and comb, in case £5.10. Pink Enamel £6.15. Hard-grained Morocco leather case with zip fastener for either set £1.1 extra

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IN THE SHADOW OF TABLE MOUNTAIN: A slave bell once used for calling the natives to work at "Rheezight"—one of the old Dutch homesteads in a modern suburb of Cape Town

SOUTH AFRICA CALLING: A Land of Winter Sunshine

IT is only quite recently that the idea of "seeing the Empire" has taken hold of the imagination of the English. The discovery, curiously long delayed, has at last been made, that all the sunshine and scenery that heart could desire are to be found in one part or another of the Dominions. And in this respect the Union of South Africa is singularly well favoured.

Amongst the earliest travellers to go ashore under the shadow of Table Mountain, which Drake had described as "a most stately thing and the fairest we saw in the whole circumference of the earth," were Dutchmen of the East India Company, who realised that this fertile soil would make an ideal market garden for supplying ships about to set out on the long passage across the Indian Ocean, or homeward bound with their precious cargoes from the Orient. Even so, the suggestion was not immediately taken up, and when it was, the colony established there did not push very far into the unknown interior. For the Portuguese navigators, Africa had always been "The Regions of Surmise," and so it was to remain for many years, yielding up its secrets and its marvels only gradually, and one by one, to the restless, enquiring spirit of the West.

Cecil Rhodes was the last of the great pioneers, and the lure of the continent had taken full possession of him and already determined the whole course of his life before he had reached the age of twenty-one. He, more than any other single individual, was the maker of modern Africa, and travelling through the Union now, one finds one's self reflecting again and again on the personality of this remarkable man who has given his name to a territory that is among the most fertile and beautiful in the world. The memorial to him on the slopes of Devil's Peak, outside Cape Town, with Watts' famous statue of Physical Energy facing towards the clear distance, is a unique tribute, because it conveys something of the same inspiring vision of Africa as a land of the future that he must have had himself. Cape Town, as a matter of fact, is an inspiring place in many ways. Second largest city of the Union and legislative seat of the Government, it has a number of fine buildings and broad streets and pleasant gardens, while the strange, massive bulk of Table Mountain, rising abruptly from its lower slopes, where the beautiful silver trees (which grow nowhere else) abound, continually attracts one's gaze.

The coastline of the Cape peninsula, since the construction of the motor road along it, has sprung into fame among the wonders of the sightseeing world. And this can easily be understood; the dazzling beauty of sea and sands, as one after another a long succession of bays is revealed, some larger, some no more than little coves; the sudden glimpses of a mountain panorama, the brilliant green of the foliage sharp against the brilliant blue of the sky; these are the ingredients of a drive that is memorable even in a country where Nature's effects are always achieved in terms of the superlative.

Travelling east towards Port Elizabeth one comes upon a number of attractive places, varying between hamlets and fashionable resorts, dotted along the coast. Beyond these again is "the wild country," fascinating to sportsmen and naturalists and those who want completely to escape for a little from the toils of civilisation. And farther north still lies Durban, one of the large seaport towns of the Union, and also a holiday centre of considerable renown. It has an enormous beach, a winter climate comparable to an English summer at its best, and deserves to be included in any tour of South Africa which one aims at making at all comprehensive.

Durban gives the impression of being a very modern city, and the only incongruous element in its modernity—the ricksha boys with their brilliantly plumed and savage-looking head-dresses. The novelty of being drawn through the streets by one of these brown, trotting figures who never seem to tire, takes quite three days to wear off! It is a better centre for studying native life than any other part of the Union. A camping expedition to Zululand is a wonderful experience, the landscape for the most part being open and park-like and with some strange quality about it that seems to belong to the dawn of the world.

Not everything can be fitted into the course of a single tour, but among the places that ought not to be missed are the Drakensberg and the Kruger National Parks. The Drakensberg National Park, on the boundaries of Natal, the Orange Free State, Cape Province, and Basutoland, is a region of mountain splendour that defies casual description. It can easily be reached from all parts of the Union and there is a hostel which provides admirable accommodation and from which a number of truly inspiring expeditions can be undertaken. The Kruger National Park occupies the north-eastern section of the Transvaal, and the easiest direct approach to it is from Lourenço Marques, on the coast of Portuguese East Africa.

It is one of the greatest reserves for wild life in the world, covering a total area that is somewhat larger than the whole of Wales. The scenery is, in its way—or rather in its variety of ways—hardly less spectacular than that of the Drakensberg Park, while the possibility of suddenly encountering almost any species of animal from a giraffe to a warthog, as one drives along the well-made roads, is something that one does not have to be a naturalist to enjoy.

A very different picture is presented by the gold mines of the new world, and Johannesburg, the centre of the industry and the biggest town in South Africa is an imposing place. Seeing its tall buildings and busy streets, one can scarcely believe that fifty years ago it did not exist (it was founded in 1886), and that where the mines now stretch away almost as far as the eye can see, their huge compounds teaming with Kaffir life, there was quite recently only the virgin earth concealing its riches. In a way, Johannesburg is a living symbol of all the changes that the past half-century has wrought in South Africa—and an earnest of the power that is yet to come.

A. G.

AN ELDORADO OF THE ANCIENTS? A section of the famous Zimbabwe ruins in Southern Rhodesia to which no date of origin can be assigned with certainty, but which many archæologists believe may once have been a stronghold built by Phoenician or Arab traders when they visited the country in search of gold

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Nov. 11

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"Three scenes are outstanding in my mind. The first is at the Eastern Cataract of the Victoria Falls, majestically enhanced by its double rainbow. The second experience occurred when a new appreciation of infinity came to me at Rhodes' grave in the Matopos. My third experience occurred in the dusk at Paarl in front of the stately pile of the Dutch Reformed Church with the colour of the evening sky behind it."

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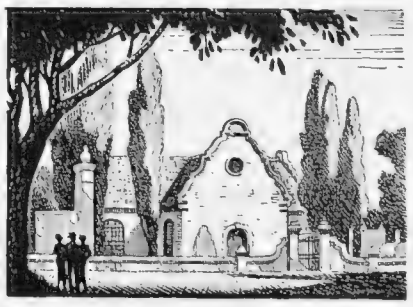

The World of Books

(Continued from p. 150)

decades of this eventful century. Anecdotes are an essential of any good book of reminiscences, and the author has many a good tale to tell. I liked best his reference to William Randolph Hearst's novel definition of news. "News," said the great newspaper proprietor, "is something that gentlemen want to keep out of a newspaper."

Even those who take summer holiday cruises to the Mediterranean seem to be writing travel books these days, and the majority of this class of literature is merely commonplace. **CASTILIAN OCHRE** (John Murray. 10s. 6d.) is a book of a very different calibre, however, and the authors, Richard and Phyllis Pearsall, give a really penetrating insight into the life of Spain to-day—a Spain that has not altogether shaken off its medievalism and yet is at the same time in the throes of a modern political metamorphosis. The narrative is enriched by a series of pleasing sketches.

With the passing of the old music halls London inevitably lost something of its gaiety and perhaps something of its soul, and, although variety is by no means extinct, to-day there are few left with the magic qualities of such personalities as Marie Lloyd, Lottie Collins, Chirgwin, and Albert Chevalier. In **THE STORY OF THE MUSIC HALL** (Fleetway Press. 12s. 6d.) Archibald Haddon revives memories of the old days, and those whose experience of life goes back into the '80s and '90s will read with a new thrill his stories of the "giants of old" who held so remarkable a sway in the affections of the people.

ASYLUM (Harrap. 8s. 6d.) is an autobiography that will doubtless make a wide appeal, but which can hardly be recommended as worth-while literary fare. The author is William Seabrook and he describes, with great honesty and candour, how in order to save himself from a dipsomaniac's death he allowed himself to be confined for seven months in a United States Asylum. When he came out he was cured, but during the period of his incarceration he made a close study of the life of his fellow inmates, and, in consequence, the book abounds with what the daily Press sometimes terms "frank and startling revelations."

SUMMER TIME ENDS (Constable. 10s.). By John Hargrave. Typographically this weighty volume will startle and perhaps muddle quite a large proportion of readers, but if they can overcome a very natural prejudice against the omission of capital letters at the start of sentences and other enormities, they will find the contents of more than ordinary interest. The purpose of *Summer Time Ends*, which is written in novel form, is to deal imaginatively with the urgent problem of how to get goods produced by machinery past the barrier of money to the people who need them.

FIRE OF LIFE (Gollancz. 8s. 6d.) is an abbreviation of Henry W. Nevinson's three volumes of memoirs, *Changes and Chances* (1923), *More Changes, More Chances* (1925), and *Last Changes, Last Chances* (1928). The difficult work of cutting the books down to their present size has been admirably done by Ellis Roberts, and little has been lost of the wit and graceful irony of the original works.

George Santayana, half mystic and half sceptic, and one of the greatest of our contemporary philosophers, has written a memoir in the form of a novel which he entitles **THE LAST PURITAN** (Constable. 8s. 6d.). This is not, as some might suspect, a philosophical treatise in disguise, but the story, presented in vivid and polished prose, of a young American's career from the day of his birth in Boston in the late '80s to his death shortly after the Armistice. Oxford and Harvard provide the settings for a part of the narrative, and Professor Santayana's intimate knowledge of both these places enables him to make some penetrating comparisons between the English and American civilisations.

Gardening enthusiasts will enjoy Clare Leighton's **FOUR HEDGES** (Gollancz. 10s. 6d.). This is a beautifully-produced work, and with its bold and clear type, exquisite engravings, and generous margins should appeal equally to the lover of books for their own sake. The author gives a month by month chronicle of her activities in her garden in the Chiltern Hills, and tells her story with an enjoyment that the reader finds no difficulty in sharing.

Alec Dixon's **SINGAPORE PATROL** (Harrap. 8s. 6d.) is a book of reminiscences which, although possessing no outstanding literary quality, is written in a simple and straightforward style. Dixon was for four years a detective officer in Singapore, and his account of native, underworld, and society life in this eastern city is full of interest from start to finish. His chapter on Chinese secret societies makes particularly good reading.

Thomas Burke understands the art of the short story, and, although his themes do not always ring true, everything he writes is readable. His new collection of tales, **NIGHT-PIECES** (Constable. 7s. 6d.), is well up to his usual standard. This is the sort of book to take up when you seek relaxation from sterner mental entertainment and are ready to enjoy an hour of blood and thunder, mystery and horror.

The firm of Gollancz never fails to produce some of the best fiction in the autumn publishing lists, and **THE TAVERN** by Marguerite Steen, **BETTER THAN DYING** by Robert Faherty, and **THE THREE FRIENDS** by Norman Collins are novels which should all do well. Marguerite Steen is, of course, well known as the author of *Matador*, a book with which she won a well-deserved success a short while ago.

Norman Giles's new novel **REBELS IN THE SUN** (Collins. 7s. 6d.) is a tale of the Boer insurrection of 1914–15, when de Wet and other malcontents took the field in a short-lived rebellion against British domination of South Africa. It is a well-told story, but the subject of controversy is too close at hand for many to read of it without a feeling of discomfort. Those who have the interests of South African unity at heart would prefer to forget the days of dissension.

The late Colonel Lawrence of Arabia had a highly developed critical faculty, and for this reason alone, his opinion of a book is of the utmost value. In a preface to Simon Jesty's **RIVER NIGER** (Boriswood. 7s. 6d.), which takes the form of a letter to the author, he says: "I agree that you would be almost bound to lose money on *River Niger*. I doubt if it would sell 200 copies in England, and I suppose the States would be quite hostile to its theme and tendencies. I'm utterly flummoxed to know what to do with it. It ought to be printed and published just to show people how our generation can or could write." Here is a recommendation we cannot afford to ignore.

SHOULDER THE SKY (Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.) by James Gray. This is a most convincing novel. It tells the story of the first years in practice in America's middle-west of a young "Main Street" doctor; of the patients who, with no intention of paying their bills, expect so much attention; of the meanness of the wealthy; and of the sordid every-day lives of many of those with whom a practitioner comes into contact. Here is reality, and the writer could only have achieved it through a large measure of personal experience.

Three other novels you should also add to your library list are Baroness Madarassy's **VULNERABLE** (Methuen. 7s. 6d.), Richard Heron Ward's **THE SUN SHALL RISE** (Nicholson and Watson. 7s. 6d.), and Ralph Straus' **FIVE MEN GO TO PRISON** (Chapman and Hall. 8s. 6d.)

A BOOK LIST

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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

(See also 3rd page of Cover)

P., Dublin (Germany).—You would find facilities for ski-ing, skating, and tobogganing at Titisee in the Black Forest, though expert skiers would do better to go to the Feldberg (4,920 ft.), eight miles from Titisee, and the most important skiing centre in the Black Forest. The German railways grant a 60 per cent. reduction on return tickets, so that in this way the return 2nd class fare from London to Freiburg-im-Breisgau would be about £8 13s. 2d., via Harwich and the Hook of Holland, the latter being a night crossing, passengers sleeping on the boat. Registered marks can be bought from any bank or good travel agency, at a rate of about twenty to the £. They cannot be purchased in Germany.

G., London (France).—The return 1st and 2nd-class fares from London to Monte Carlo via Dover – Calais are £16 13s. 7d. and £11 12s. 3d. respectively. The supplements for the sleepers from Paris to Monte Carlo and return are £7 14s. 2d. 1st class and £6 15s. 8d. 2nd class. The above fares include the 30% reduction which is granted on thirty-day "Holiday" return tickets to the Riviera, outward travel being limited to a Monday or Saturday, available for return on any day. The supplements for the sleepers include the 25% reduction which is granted provided one books and pays for the sleepers for both the outward and return journeys between Paris and Monte Carlo, before leaving England. The return fare by air from London to Cannes is £20 16s. the ticket being valid for fifteen days, the sixty-day ticket being £22 1s. The return 1st-class fare by P. and O. Line from London to Marseilles is £22, the return 1st-class fare by train from Marseilles to Monte Carlo being £3 2s. 8d.

S., London (Malaga and Tangier). Malaga has a mild and sunny winter climate, the mean temperature during January and February being 54° F. and 57° F. respectively. A small comfortable hotel there, which quotes reasonable prices is the Londres. The mean temperature at Tangier during January, February, and March is 55° F. with a minimum of 40° F. You would like the Hotel Valentina there.

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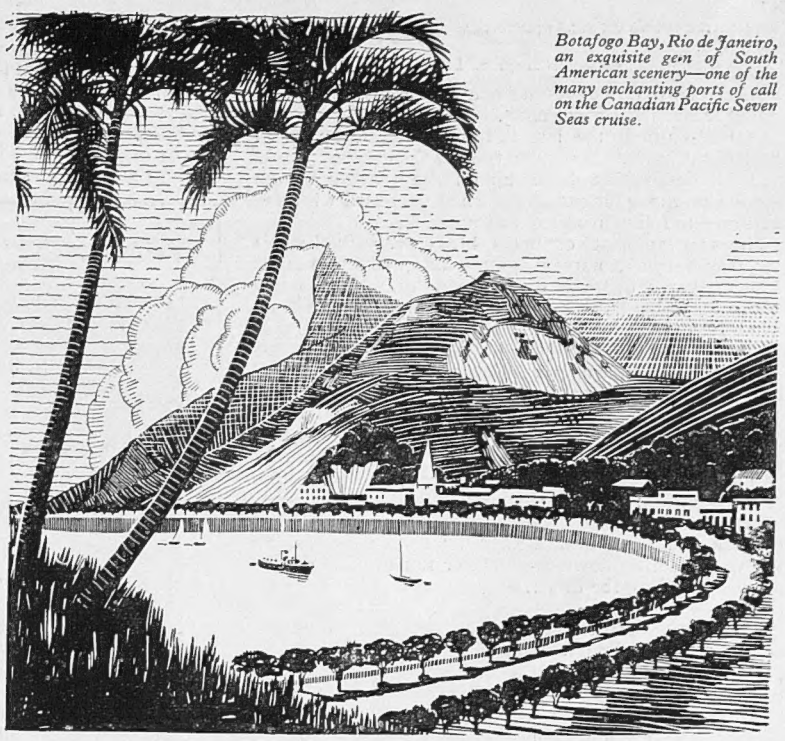

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WITH THE ITALIANS IN EAST AFRICA

(*Continued from p.* 137)

"They're happy enough," someone remarked, "but some of them won't come back."

In half-an-hour the last tail light had disappeared round the corner. By dawn the whole convoy would reach its destination high up on the plateau in the direction of the frontier. I returned on board with one ambition—to follow it as soon as possible.

The railway that connects Massawa with Eritrea is a single track, narrow gauge line, which climbs 7,500 ft. over a distance of eighty miles. Until a few months ago the haulage was done by primitive little locomotives, which might well be the original models installed at the beginning of the century. These ancient machines are now relegated to goods traffic, while passengers travel in a brand new motor-train, resplendent with scarlet leather seats and photographs of Italian snow resorts.

For several miles the line runs inland without any appreciable change in level or scenery. Gradually it begins to rise; low growing bushes and an occasional stunted tree begin to appear amid the waste of sand and rock, but there is still no relief from the crushing heat, which settles down again after the brief flutter of cool air preceding the dawn.

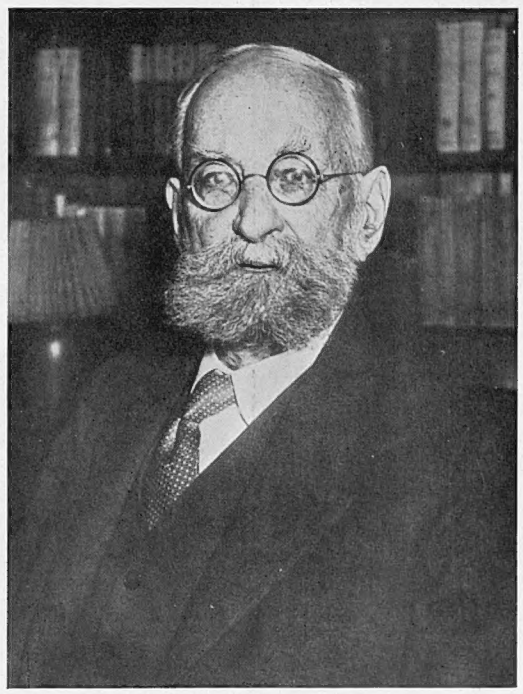
Close by the railway runs the road and numerous gangs of Italian workmen are already at work on it, widening, improving and in some places building entirely new stretches. In others a bridge is being constructed, a cutting in process of blasting.

After half an hour the gradients become steeper. The line is following a river valley. On one side we look down on its wide, sandy course, traversed by a thin trickle of water; on the other, the hillside rises abruptly, and some meagre cultivation begins to appear. During the next hour the aspect steadily changes, growing ever more green as it becomes more mountainous. What is more important, the air is getting cooler. The sun is up, but the atmosphere is no longer heavy.

During the second half of the journey the transformation is complete. We are now in the alps, and the scenery becomes more and more spectacular as do the feats performed by the track. Precipices on one side, cliffs on the other; now traversing a gorge on a terrifyingly-tall viaduct; now climbing in spirals through a series of tunnels; sometimes shut in between high walls of rock, at others gaining a glimpse of the plain far below—you miss none of the sensations associated with scenic railways. During most of this period the road is out of sight, but from time to time it comes into view and you realise that the train journey has nothing on the drive, it's a question of *vertige*. Here, too, much work on the road seemed to be in progress, although convoys of lorries were passing the gangs continually.

Finally just three hours after starting we suddenly emerged as it were, over the top. A green plain, largely cultivated was spread out as far as the horizon. For several miles the line ran across it straight and level. It turned a corner—and there through the trees, were a tall church steeple and a cluster of European buildings, with a mass of whitewashed houses covering the slope beyond. We had arrived at Asmara.

DEATH OF A POLAR EXPLORER



Major-General A. W. Greely, the distinguished American explorer, who after a life of thrilling adventure died at Washington last Sunday at the age of ninety-one. As a youth he fought in the Civil War (1861-65) and in 1881 he was selected as leader of a U.S. expedition to the polar regions. With twenty-five men Greely reached a point farther north than anyone had reached up to that time, but the party was cut off by the ice and when eventually rescued there were only seven survivors, all of whom were in the last stages of exhaustion. In recognition of his heroism he was awarded the Congressional Medal, an honour of which Colonel Lindbergh is now the only living holder

DRAMA (*Continued from p.* 146)

Bolshevist Russia and the faithful pilgrims to the Moscow Art Theatre.

Yet there is speed and in consequence, an accentuation of the swift inevitability of the tragedy. Speed is achieved by cutting the stage in two and playing a scene in one half while the other half is being "set," the whole stage being used only rarely and not always with convincing effect. Mr. Gielgud praised in his speech the beauty of the scenery. "What *was* there," as that Shakespearean actor, Mr. George Robey, used to sing, "was *good*." But there was precious little of it. Speed naturally resulted in—or, rather, was achieved by—plenteous use of black curtains, which were all very well in their way but gave the impression that the whole of the play was taking place indoors, and in a somewhat gloomy interior at that. With all its tragedy and pathos, *Romeo and Juliet* is a play of youth and of Italian youth. Not for a moment could I feel that this was Italy, or that the warm sun was shining, or was ever going to shine.

The acting honours go chiefly—and in full measure—to Miss Peggy Ashcroft. I have seen more tragic Juliets, and Juliets who better realised the luscious beauty of the language; but never a Juliet who has more consistently portrayed a child in love—a child who has hardly begun to think and can only feel. A lovely, moving performance. Only in one scene, I think, did Miss Ashcroft fail—the potion scene. Here she was, of course, pathetic—and rightly. Yet in that tremendous speech about dead men's bones and mandrakes and bloody Tybalt—perhaps Shakespeare erred in putting it into the mouth of a fourteen-year-old, but he did—she did not move me to pity and terror, as did some of her predecessors. Her "Romeo, I come; this do I drink to thee!" and the drinking of the drug, might have been a schoolgirl taking an aspirin. That, I repeat, was the only flaw in an immaculately lovely performance.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

At the Bisley Boys' School branch of this Society's work it was recently reported that at the School Commercial Certificate Examination held by the Royal Society of Arts in July last, nineteen candidates secured the full certificates, nine of them being in the first class and ten in the second. This represents an increase of four certificates on last year's results. This splendid success goes to show what thorough training the children are given—children who would otherwise have but little chance in life. Funds are urgently needed and all gifts will be gratefully acknowledged from 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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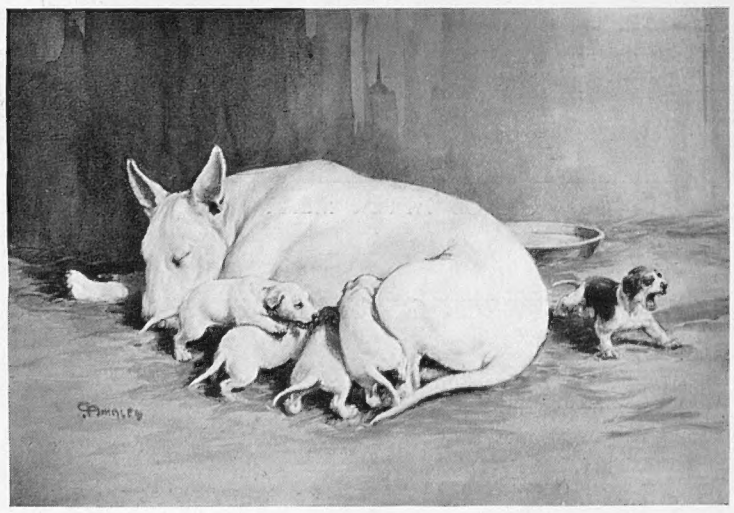

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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

H., Southern Rhodesia (Norway and Sweden).—The return fare from London to Stockholm and Oslo would be about £15 13s., this including 1st class travel on the steamer across the North Sea and 3rd class rail travel in Norway and Sweden. You would travel from London (Tilbury) to Gothenburg by steamer, from Gothenburg to Stockholm, Stockholm to Oslo, and Oslo back to Gothenburg by rail. The cost of the journey could be reduced by £3 10s. if you travel 3rd class on the steamer. Hotels which quote reasonable prices are the Terminus Hotel in Stockholm and the Forbundshospitset in Oslo. The Norwegian State Railways, 21, Cockspur Street, London, W.1, quote an inclusive price of £31 10s. for a seventeen-day tour to Bergen, Myrdal, Oslo, Stockholm, Malmo, Copenhagen, and Gothenburg, including 1st class accommodation on the steamer, and 2nd class rail travel in Scandinavia.

Dewar, Northumberland (Spain).—The *Cathay* of the P. & O. Line leaves Southampton on December 20, arriving in Gibraltar on December 24. This boat carries 1st and 2nd class passengers, the return fare in each class being £18 and £12 respectively. The *Otranto* of the Orient Line leaves London on December 21, arriving in Gibraltar on December 25, the return 1st class fare being £18 and 3rd class £8. The Henderson Line boats from Liverpool also call at Gibraltar, there being a sailing every other Friday. The return fare to Gibraltar is £14, these boats carrying one class of passenger only. It is a short crossing from Gibraltar to Algeciras, and there is a good service of ferry boats. The 2nd class return fare to Algeciras overland via Paris and Madrid is £17 12s., not including the cost of sleeping berths and meals on the trains. You would find the climate of Algeciras sunny and mild in January, though you would require fairly warm clothing. The Hotel Cristina standing on the outskirts of the town in its own large grounds, is an excellent and modern hotel, prices ranging from about £1 per day during the winter season (January to May). The Hotel Anglo-Hispano, which is situated on the quay-side, charges about 13s. per day. Excursions can be made to Ronda, Malaga, Tangier, Gibraltar, and Ceuta.

R., Dorset (France).—Port Cros is the chief island of the Iles-d'Or, a group of islands two miles from Hyères. There is a daily motor-boat service between the island and Salins d'Hyères, the terminus of a branch railway line from Toulon, the crossing taking about an hour. Port Cros is extremely pretty, the hills being covered with forests, the coast being broken by numerous sandy bays at the foot of picturesque cliffs. There is no organised entertainment to be found in the island and if you wish for a very quiet holiday you will find Port Cros ideal. The climate is very healthy, the air being entirely free from dust. The Hostellerie Provençale, which overlooks the sea, and is equipped with central heating and running water in all bedrooms charges from 40 francs per day. The special return 30-day ticket to Toulon costs £10 11s. 3d. 2nd class, via Calais and Paris. Outward travel is limited to Mondays or Saturdays, the return journey being made on any day.

G., Suffolk (Cruise).—You would enjoy the trip to Brazil by the *Hilary* of the Booth Line, which leaves Liverpool on December 10 and February 7, and alternate months thereafter, for a seven weeks' cruise to Portugal, Madeira and Brazil, steaming 1,000 miles up the Amazon. The fare, including all organised excursions, ranges from £75.

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered

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